

ERASMUS



THOMAS MORE



J. Moreau pinx.

J. Ponce sculp.

THE GREAT EASTERN



245d9
MORIÆ ENCOMIUM:

OR, THE

PRAISE

OF

FOLLY.

Made ENGLISH from the LATIN of
ERASMUS.

By *W. KENNET* of *S. Edm. Hall, Oxon.*
late Lord Bishop of *PETERBOROUGH.*

Adorn'd with Forty-eight COPPER PLATES,
including the EFFIGIES of *ERASMUS* and
Sir *THOMAS MORE*: All neatly en-
graved from the Designs of the Celebrated
HANS HOLBEINE.

To which is prefix'd,
A PREFACE by the TRANSLATOR,
And divers Copies of Commendatory Verses.

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. WILFORD*, at the *Three Flower-de-
Luces* behind the *Chapter-House* in *St. Paul's
Church-Yard* MDCCLXXXV

MOORE'S FALCON

OF THE

PRIZE

FOLLY

Made known from the last night
ERASMUS

BY WILHELMUS DE WITTE
the said Author of the

History of the
including the
the
general
HOLLAND

A PREFACE
AND THE C
LEARNER
ERASMUS



THE
LONDON

Printed by W. ...
at the ...



TO THE
READER.

THAT there cannot be Two more Fortunate Properties, than to have a little of the Fool, and not too much of the Knave, was an Observation of him, who (if the Servant's Extortion reflect not on the Master's Integrity or Judgment) was neither of both; the Learned Lord Bacon. What that collecting Politician did coyly remark, is here in a greater Advance more positively made good, namely, That not only Fortune, but, what is more comprehensive, Happiness, in all respects, does devoutly attend such as whom either Nature or Distemper hath first moulded, or afterward corrupted, into Fools and Madmen. And certainly, if the

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Absence of Grief, the Reprieve from Care, the Unrelenting at Disappointments, and such like well-esteem'd Accidents, do any way pertain to (as perhaps in the Philosophy of bare Nature they wholly make up) the Notion of Happiness; the easy Result of each Man's Experience, as well as the Induction of the following Particulars, which abundantly convince, that alway Anxiety and Forecast; and not seldom Discontent and Regret, being Handmaids to the Wise, while an immoveable Complacency is a constant Guest to the Fool, this last is as much more happy as he is lessarrass'd, less perplex'd, less solicitous than the other. Beside, if (what was formerly probable, and is of late ingeniously attempted to be improved to an higher degree of Credibility) a Reality of Happiness during the Conceit equally results from an Imaginary, as a Real Object, and what's Airy and Phantastick in the Apprehension, may be Firm and Solid in the Fruition; I see no great Reason, why a Fool's Bliss should not, without a Figure, be a Paradise in the Propriety of the Word; since it is a State wherein

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wherein neither Desire out-strips Enjoyment, nor Fear of Deprivation damps the Comfort of a present Possession.

BUT after all, there is a wide Difference betwixt what is strictly True, and what's finely Plausible; and therefore how smoothly soever it may sound, that the being possess'd of all we do but suppose Good, is the commencing all we can imagine Happy (which by the by, were it unconditionally granted, would infer, that the degenerating into Brutes was an Approach to the becoming Gods;) yet it is undeniably experienced, that this Happiness of Fools will never be made so much the Opinion of others, as it is the Faith of themselves. This Paradox therefore, we may well presume, was not the sole Aim of the Author, who from Principles of Self-interest was oblig'd not to be in Earnest, when he declaims against his own Accomplishments of Wit, Learning, and Wisdom, and at the same time attributes the most attainable Perfection to what he himself was at the greatest Distance from, Dotage and Folly. He might perhaps, like the copious Orator,

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give the World an hint, that if at any time he appear'd Patron on the juster Side of any Controversy, Men of Morals and Conscience were beholden to him for his Choice of Argument, since he could polish the roughest Paradox with as much Ease and Success as he could illustrate the most received Truth; and with the subtilizing Crypsippus, should sooner want Opinions to set abroach, than upon the taking up any Opinion want Arguments to defend it. But otherwise it is apparent, that (like Persons of squinting Opticks, who rould their Eyes one Way, and yet direct their Looks another) our Author, Archer-like, shoots just contrary from where he pretends to aim, and makes a compleat Satire against Fools of what he entitles, A Panegyrick upon Folly. Under this Covert he levels more securely, wounds more inoffensively, and leaves room for a safer Retreat, than if he fell too bluntly on, and made an open Assault instead of an ambuscading Surprize. And indeed, the Palate of each Man's Judgment being the same with that of his Taste, is clogg'd and nauseated with
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what's sweet and luscious, and repaired only by the whetting Particles of sharp and corroding, yet again a too biting, Reproof, without some Intermixture of Wheedle, seldom making Converts of those it is applied to. Subjects of this Nature are certainly then best handled, when the Persons to be reflected on are in the same Periods laugh'd out of their Mistakes, and yet flattered into Amendment. By this Artifice, in the following Tract, all the Scandals, Corruptions, grosser Absurdities, or more trivial Failures of a crazy World, are exposed with as equal a Dose of Insinuations as Sarcasm, as either the Oiliness of a Sy-cophant could on the one hand suggest, or the Gall of a Poet on the other express. As he spared no one Degree of Age, Sex or Professions, out of Cowardice or Partiality; so, to be most Corrosive, where the Sore was most Cancrous, he is less niggardly of his Taunts and Strictures, upon the Botches and Excrescences of the Roman Church, whose Marts of Indulgence, Trinkets of Superstition, Blindness of the Laity, Impostures of the Priest, and most other

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other Appendages of Cheat and Delusion, are so boldly ript up, and smartly animadverted on, as no Confidence could have outbraved, nor any the highest Reach of Wit can ever go beyond. Upon which account, Part of the Subject being so fashionably grateful, I presume the whole Translation may be the more welcome; especially since several Dialogues of the same Author have been acceptably done into English, to represent the LEVITES crept into the Church of Rome, by a Person, that, maugre the Reproach of Malice, is no doubt as sincere a Professor of the Protestant Religion, as he is a zealous Patriot of Christian Loyalty; and (if Circumstances renderd it more necessary) could as freely expose the Impostures of Popery, as he does daily in unanswerable Papers discover the Impudence and Hypocrisy of a Fanatick Faction: A Faction, that has been the Scandal of Christianity, and the mere Burlesque of Protestantism; that has forfeited an Indulgence, out-dared an Oblivion, and so long bid Defiance to Mercy, as well as Justice, till the Capital Punishments

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ments of Treason must discharge the lesser Penalties of Schism.

But this is certain; the Papal Policy, which demands so strait-lac'd a Submission from all her Members, would never have suffered Erasmus to have took so unbridled a Range in the Reproof and Censures of her Extravagancies, if he had not nick'd the Opportunity of doing it at such a Time, and under such Circumstances, as when the more profess'd Attack of Luther, and his Adherents in Germany, impos'd on her a prudential Necessity of not disobliging her Friends, that she might have an undisturbed Leisure, and more united Strength, to oppose the common Enemy; so that under that Juncture she was forc'd patiently to put up what at any other Season she would have heinously resented; as Princes engaged in a hazardous War are obliged to connive at some little Encroachments from their Subjects, or Provocations from their Allies, which in a more settled Posture they would scorn to bear, or comply with: Thus (as the Reasons of each are parallel, though the Cases be as widely different, as
the

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the Confidence of speaking Truth, and the Impudence of a Lie) our Government can now find Courage enough to Sentence and Suppress such Treasonable and Seditious Libels, which not so long since perk'd up with undaunted Foreheads, and stared even Majesty itself out of Countenance.

Yet, however our Author was not questioned by publick Authority, we are sure that he hereby gall'd and chafed several, not only of his Profession in general, but of his more intimate Friends and Acquaintance. Among which his beloved Dorpius (with whom he had contracted as near a Familiarity, as personal Conference, and frequent Correspondence, could either occasion or improve) was so nettled at the first Appearance of this Treat, that he sent him a rattling Reproof; to which, though Erasmus subjoined a very reconciling Reply, yet we have good Grounds to presume that they were never afterwards cordially Friends. And Lister, who, in Erasmus's Life-time republished this Treatise with his own Notes, or Commentaries, undertook this Task, not so much out of Respect

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to his Friend the Author, or Care for the Promotion of Learning, as he did to Salve and Palliate the several Reflections upon the then fashionable Religion; as will appear to any indifferent Observer, who cannot but see that the Obscurities and Difficulties of the Text (which perhaps are too few and mean to need any Explication) are but slightly touch'd at; while great Pains and Caution is employed in either perverting, or at least mollifying, those Passages, which lay too heavy a Hand upon any of their hallowed Corruptions. Nay, the whole Catholick Party were so incens'd at his Liberty of Reflecting, that though, for the forehinted Inducements, they did not by any formal Interdict send him in Person to the Devil while Alive; yet since his Death they have dispatch'd him half Way to Hell in Effigy, and few of their late Historians do any-where occasionally mention him without some little wiping Character, as it were easy to find Materials for Instances in several Particulars. Yet (what was sure to be the Consequence, and indeed was but Just) he impaired his Esteem with

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with the Romanists at no faster a Rate than he advanced his Reputation with the Reformed, especially here in England, where a Translation of his Paraphrase on the New Testament, was in the First of Edward the Sixth ordered to be placed in all Parish Churches, and in some of them to this Day remains: The Method whereof is very profitable, and the Style both easy and eloquent; yet on some Texts there is imposed but a harsh Interpretation, as I am in one Particular more especially engaged to take Notice, because the same Sense is given of the same Passage toward the latter End of this following Piece; where, animadverting upon the Disingenuity of Commentators, he singles out Franciscus de Lyra, who treating on that Text of St. Luke, c. xxii. v. 36. [He that hath no Sword, let him sell his Garment, and buy one] had without much Impropriety taken the whole Literally, tho' indeed with a very extravagant Inference for the Legitimacy of private Defence in case of Persecution. Our Author might reasonably arraign this Deduction of a dangerous Influence; but

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that whoever upon any such Occasion did hereafter take it, should perish by it. This may perhaps be thought too serious, and (as so) impertinent for the introducing so light and comical an Argument: But it ought to be supposed proper enough, since it has an immediate Relation to a Passage in the following Discourse, wherein, with Submission, I presume the Author was a little too bold in his Comment, and in some measure incurs the same Guilt himself which he so smartly upbraided in others. His Misunderstanding of which may however be the more meriting an Excuse, because it may well be supposed to have been occasioned by an honest Design of promoting Unity, Peace, and Charity, in the obviating that Pretence, which was by some drawn from this very Text of propagating Christianity by all the most enforcing Methods of Torture, War, and Slaughter; as if the teaching of Nations were to be accompanied with the Baptizing them in Blood, and Converts must have their own Wounds to bleed, before they could

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could become sensible of the Benefits of a wounded and bleeding Saviour.

There needs no Excuse for any other Failure through the following Discourse; so that to remove the Guard to that Place, which the Enemy may find easiest to attack, I must divert the Apology for the Author, to one more requisite for the Translator. Against whom (beside all other Piques and Exceptions) there will, no question, be pointed this thrusting Objection; namely, That this same Piece of Wit's Pageantry has been twice already cloath'd in our Mother Tongue, so that the Republishing at least of one of these Translations might have superseded the Trouble of a new one. It may, I hope, be no Scandal to confess, that till after my first Onset I had neither by Sight nor Report gather'd any Intimation of the Forestalment herein; of which I were yet the less inquisitive, because the Person who imposed on me the Undertaking, took the Negative for granted, though he stood in better Circumstances of being informed, and was more concerned in the Consequence. But,

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allowing the worst, Re-translations of late have been so successfully performed, so much to the Service of the present Times, and Justice to the first Authors, that Attempts of like Nature can be no longer invidious, if they are grounded on the same Inducements, and do answer the same End and Design. How far I can square my Apology by this Rule will in part appear by this following Observation: Originals of one Language are differently to be render'd into another, according to their respective Matter and Subject: In an Argument of History, but more especially in Physicks and Mathematicks, so much depends on the critical genuine Sense of the Author, that there can be no Latitude or Deviation allowed; but a harsh Cadence is far more preferable, than a bold, though tunable Variation: Whereas on the contrary, in Poësie, Oratory, Panegyrick, Satire, or such like looser Subjects, the Excellency resulting rather from the Style and Fancy in general, than from the strictness of particular Periods, there may, nay, there must, be some such Judgment or Discretion

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cretion- tolerated, as shall within due Bounds new marshal the Words, and in some measure plaister over the Abruptness and Incoherence of Sense. Accordingly the Design of Translations seems then best answer'd, when the respective Renderers square their Attempts by the foregoing Rule; the same Liberty being an unpardonable Extravagance in the one, which is no worse than a becoming Freedom in the other: As the Painter, who is employed to draw a Face to the Life, must confine his Pencil to an exact Transcript of the natural Strokes, without any room to Fancy or Flattery, Limning even Venus herself with a blemishing Mole; whereas in the Copying after a Landskip, or other flourishing Draught, both Colours and other Features for the Lustre of Prospect, may be so far altered, as the Judgment of the Artist shall with Liberty recommend. The Result of this, it is my Interest to have thus understood. Our Language hath been so much polish'd and refin'd since the first Appearance of this Declamation in English,

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lish, * that had it fallen into my Hands e'er I enter'd on this Work, the Perusal of it would have scarcely discourag'd me from pursuing the Undertaking: For to have adventur'd abroad a second Edition of this antiquated Version, would doubtless have been interpreted as a Design rather of exercising the Reader in the unpleasant Task of laboriously picking out the Meaning of obsolete Words and Expressions, than of fairly leading him into the true and genuine Sense of the Original: Although what is here asserted might be easily made out beyond all Possibility of Exception; yet the learned Author acquitted himself so very well herein, that he comes fully up, even to the most commendable Way of Writing which obtain'd in his Time. The modern Translator (to whom I intended the Rule, but now laid down, to be chiefly applied) tied himself so strictly to a literal Observance of the Latin, that to a bare English Reader, unacquainted with Allusions to the

* Done by Sir Thomas Chaloner, and Printed at London, 1549, in 4to.

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Eloquence of the Latin Tongue, his Version is sometimes puzzling and obscure, at least never so smooth and voluble, as the Gaiety of the Argument would better have dispens'd with; whereas in this Rehearsal of mine, I have (more I confess to my own Ease, and more gratefully, I question not, to the Palate of others) allowed myself such Elbow-room of Expression, as the Humoursomness of the Subject, and the Idiom of Language, did invite, if not command. Yet I would not have it hereby suspected, that I have taken a straying Frisk or Jaunt, beyond the Limits of a just Decorum; no, I have been so free, I hope, as not to be licentious; so bold, as not to be immodest: I considered, that rambling Variations, as well as verbatim Constructions, are both the scandalous Tasks of School-boys; therefore I so far consulted the avoiding each Extreme, that I have this Disjunctive Plea to gag the Men of Teeth with; where-ever the Latin appears to have been seemingly injured, and receded from, there I doubted a too close Adherence would have been rough and jarring; again, where

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where the English wants any thing of Cadence or Coherence, there I check'd my Range, and was afraid of treading too wide from the Footsteps of the Original. For that the same Harangue, compleatly Eloquent in one Tongue, would be less winning and perswasive when close interpreted in another, is as obvious, as that Travellers, if they adapt not their Garb to the Mode of the Country they reside in, are rather an Object to Stare and Gaze at, than to Bow to, Reverence, or be any way Respected. The Reason on which this is grounded being a Propriety in each Language to peculiar Tropes, Figures, Phrases, &c. is so known a Topick, that to them, who understand the original Latin, it is wholly superfluous, and to those, that do not, it is altogether as needless.

Oxon. 1683.

Commen-

Commendatory VERSES to the *Translator of Moriae Encomium, &c.*

To the AUTHOR of this Translation.



'V E thought, Sir, hitherto without
Success,

On all *Expedients* for *Happiness*;

This to desire by Nature we're in-
clin'd,

Which we in our Researches seldom find.

It does, like Beauty, in the Fancy lye,

Or, as 'tis pleasing to the Lover's Eye,

Camelion-like, from all Things takes a Dye.

One thinks it still consists in *sanguine Mirth*,

When the Debauch to Wit must give a Birth;

Another's happy if *Corinna's* kind;

The *Wise Man* calls it *Indolence of Mind*:

The *Miser* to them all prefers his *Wealth*

The jolly *Toyer* says, 'tis *florid Health*:

But these Mistaken Wretches go astray,

Erasmus only has found out the Way.

Like to *Fantastick Chymists* they presume,

Till all their Projects break away in Fume:

To search the Secret out they vainly try,

For after all, it does in FOLLY lye.

This, by its *Innocence* — the best Estate,

Will with *Resistance* blunt the Edge of Fate;

One

One with a *Genius Nature* does inspire,
 Which others by *Philosophy* acquire :
 All Things content a Fool, and nothing cloy,
 Which they define the height of human Joys :
 He driv'ling on the Shore secure can be,
 And view unmov'd the Tempests of the Sea.
 No formidable News can him alarm ;
 He is at Peace, tho' all the World does Arm ;
 From all Misfortunes has a sure Defence ;
 His *Skull's* impregnable for want of *Sense* ;
 His *Passion's* quiet, and his *Mind sedate* ;
 Nothing provokes his *Envy* or his *Hate* :
 He unconcern'd can stand with *Laughing Eyes*,
 And see unworthy Men to Honour rise.
 Fortune, a sordid Piece of Earth refines,
 And from a Dunghil drawn the Meteor shines :
 The *Upstart's Insolence* none will endure ;
 His Soul's as narrow, as his Birth's obscure :
 Under the Mask a *Fury's* Face does show,
 Tho' for the *Consulate* bows humbly low :
 His *Will* without his *Reason* does command ;
Thunder's too weighty for a *Vulgar Hand*.
 When he is freed from Books, laborious Toil !
 He does not spend his Time, nor waste his Oil,
 Impair his Colour, or consume his Strength,
 Or grow too subtle for himself at length ;
 E'er he has travel'd half the *Way*, he's Dead,
 The very *Fineness* of it breaks the *Thread*.
 The *Turks* allow all *Idiots* a Shrine ;
 They think in FOLLY something is *Divine* ;
 Their Actions still an equal Tenor keep,
 No frightful Images afflict their Sleep.
 Their Guardian-Angels still such care do take,
 Their Innocence preserves them when awake.

This

(iii)

*This great Advantage they are happy in,
They want the brisk Capacity to sin.
Sometimes a Vice they blunder on by Chance,
But all their Faults are those of *Ignorance*.
Besides, a *Changeling* is no *Hypocrite*,
For what *he is*, he shews you at first Sight ;
Whilst *others* do their *Native-selves* disguise
Only by the *Pretence* of being *Wise*:
Of *Criticks* they assume the *jurly State*,
And *censure those* they cannot *imitate*.
Like puff'd up Bladders they of *Wind* are full,
And hide with *Gravity* their being *dull*.
Tho' they with *Scorn* the World would *ridicule*,
Yet the *Affected Wise-One* is the *Fool*.

Still my Digression, Sir, returns to you,
To give that Character which is your due ;
And this impartially I can bestow,
The *Author* by his Work I only know.
So that, if what I find I must commend,
'Tis done without being bias'd as his Friend.
'Tis not your *Pride*, your *Folly*, or your *Fate*,
That makes you chuse *Erasmus* to *Translate*.
If with such Versions you the World delight,
You can oblige it equally, and *Write* :
Tho' here you have as much true Judgment shewn,
As if it had entirely been your own.
This *way of Writing* once was thought a *Vice*,
But now the *Touches of it* are so Nice,
That tho' this pleasing Province would adorn,
Not *Made*, but he on purpose must be *Born*.
Some sport all Subjects which they write upon,
As Paint will spoil the best Complexion :

So

So Highway Beggars others Children hire,
 With ruddy Looks, and all their Limbs entire ;
 Till they industriously are Cripples made,
 Thus to promote the canting Gypsies Trade.
Things that are delicate, *foul Hands* will stain,
 But from your Pen, all Subjects Lustre gain.
Romans in *France* have gain'd such high Renown,
 Their Works are naturaliz'd, and made their own.
Ingenious d' Ablancour' first led the Van,
 With his just Version of great *Lucian* ;
 Thus Copied by a skilful Hand we see
 The *Ancient Droll* in *Modern Railery*.
 A double Honour is to *Boileau* due,
 Who is both *Writer* and *Translator* too :
 He chose the Noblest Author of his Time,
 And, like *Longinus*, *Boileau* is *sublime*.
 By reading your *Translation* we can tell
 How much in their *own Way* we them excel.
 Our Learned *Athens* lately has brought forth
 Men hardly to be equal'd for their Worth.
Lucretius now is to Perfection brought,
 Which all Men dreaded in the very Thought ;
 Our fruitful *Mother* hath herself outdone
 In *Teeming* with so excellent a *Son* : *
 Of ours the Admiration does engage,
 And the Applauses, of the *future Age* :
 You with the Softness of your Art beguile,
 And teach the rigid *Stoick* how to smile :
 The *Humour* of the *Work* you hit so true,
 That Comical *Erasmus* breathes in you.
 We see the Spirit of the *Author* shine
 In every Page, in every pleasant Line.

* Mr. CREECH.

In

(v)

What Fruits will not your Age maturely bring,
So fertile, if so early, is your Spring?

The rising Sun shoots forth a previous Ray,
Engaging to shine brightly all the Day.

Your Talents, Sir, have made you justly fit

Thus to transfuse this *Noble Piece of Wit*,

Who have your self *so great a Share of it*.

M. MORGAN.

To his Ingenious Friend, the TRANSLATOR.

There's not a Blade of Honour in the Town,
But if you chance to term him *Fool or Clown*,
Straight *Satisfaction* cries, and then with speed
The Time, the Place, and *Rapier's* Length's decreed.
Prodigious Fops, I'll swear, who can't agree
To be call'd *what's their Happiness to be*:

——— *Blest Ideots!* ———

You in an humble Sphere securely move,
And there the Sweets of a safe *Dulness* prove,
Nor envy the proud Heights of those who range
above.

FOLLY, sure Friend of a *misguided Will*,
Affords a kind Excuse for *doing Ill*;
And to the peaceful Breast wherein she lives,
The easiest, truest Taste of Pleasure gives:
Whilst *Wisdom's* Patron with discreet Alloy,
Palls his Delights, and deadens all his Joy:
Nought more than this does evidence the Love,
Or more insures the Care of Powers above.

b

Heaven

Heaven still bestows on those it does *despise*
 The *creditable Plague* of being *Wise*.
 And *Socrates*, that *Prudent*, *Thinking Tool*,
 Had the Gods lik'd him, would have prov'd a *Fool*.
 Methinks our *Author*, when without a *Flaw*,
 The *Graces* of his *Mistress* he does draw,
Wishes (if *Metempsychosis* be true,
 And *Souls* do change their *Case*, and act anew)
 In the next *Life* he only might aspire
 To the few *Brains* of some soft *Country Squire*,
 Whose *Head* with such like *Rudiments* is fraught.
 As in his *Youth* his careful *Grannum* taught,

And now (dear *Friend*) how shall we to thy
 Brow

Pay all those *Lawrels* which we justly owe?
 For thou fresh *Honours* to the *Work* dost bring,
 And to the *Theme*: Nor seems that pleasing thing,
 Which he so well in *Latin* has express'd,
 Less *Comical* in *English* *Garments* dress'd;
 Thy *Sentences* are all so clearly wrought,
 And so exactly plac'd, is every *Thought*,
 That, which is more oblig'd, we scarce can see
 The *Subject* by thy *Author*, or himself by thee.

On this Translation, spoke in the Person
 of FOLLY.

Distance: Away, you sullen, sleepish Souls,
 Whose brooding Thoughts sit always hatching
 Rules!

You

You Tub-Philosophers, whose croaking Brains
 Make Earth as Hellish as the *Stygian* Plains ;
 Your uncouth, lowring Grimace becomes
 Your stupid Musings when you're at your Homes.
 But no *Infernal Visage* must be seen,
 Where all are to be *Jolly by Design*.
 Veil then or vanish, die or disappear,
 And leave us *Fools* to our Caresses here.

My thund'ring Mandates having purg'd the Air,
 The Gods consenting, and the Passage clear,
 I thus attempt my Grandeur to extol,
 Acting my own Encomiast in a Droll :
 I'll make descriptive Glosses on a Straw,
 And toss the World to a *Tarantula*.

Thus, long blest'd Herd, have I with Patience seen
Minerva's Scepter taking Place of mine :
 That curs'd *Virago*, whose officious Spies
 Have watch'd you out of all your Libraries :
 Her *Devotees*, a base, degenerate Brood,
 Like waspish Insects swarm, and buz abroad.
 These with unruly Insolence have made
 Injurious Inroads on those Rights I had ;
 They setter Souls with *Magisterial Rage*,
 And *lecture* Freemen into *Vassalage* ;
 Nay, by the *Circumventions of Dispute*,
 They'll prove my *Chastity* a *Prostitute*.
 Thus overgrown in *Sophistry* and *Pride*,
 They're *Kings* themselves, but make all *Slaves* beside :
 And shall these Rebels thus usurp it on ?
 No, their Dogmatick Tyranny shall down.

Instead of Problems, Schemes, Compendiums, Rules,
 Those Execution-Engines of the Schools,
 I, with my Pictures, Puppets, Dwarfs and Apes,
 Masques, Mermades, Interludes, and Antick Shapes,
 Will mount the Stage, ridiculously Fine,
 In all the Colours of an *Indian QUEEN*, *
 Which Magazine of Rarities presents
 A Gallimaufry of Divertisements;
 For, beautified by Art, or Nature's Dress,
 They all enamour by their Prettiness,
 While the admiring Croud, with captive Eyes,
 Do Profelyte themselves to Votaries.

In early Days, when Men, unus'd to Rules,
 Commenc'd by Natural Instalment *Fools*;
 When sacred Ignorance its Umbrage spread,
 And all sat cool and quiet in the Shade:
 So long the Province of my Reign did know
 No other Bounds than Earth and Heaven do.
 But, when the World grew light, and hot at Noon,
 And *Dog-star Wit* made all a *Torrid Zone*,
 Then *Questions* arose, Men who would know
 Why Things were *thus* and *thus*, and *why not so*:
 These pert, and restless, started Scruples still,
 Painful to state, but worse to reconcile;
 Yet well resolv'd by one disdainful Smile:
 Which hot-brain'd Tribe, uneasy and morose,
 Made all the World an *Inquisition-house*.

But now my Crown shall be restor'd anew,
 And false Pretenders shall confess the True;
 Their long usurp'd Dominion shall decline,
 And die into *th'* Establishment of mine.

Now

* Alluding to a Play under that Title, written by
 Sir Robert Howard.

(ix)

Now let the World keep *Halsyon*, and cares
In endless Circles of untinted Bliss;
Let universal Ravishments increase
Your Joys beyond Description or Degrees:
Don't baulk your *Humours*, lest for want of *Vent*
Your *Spirits* stagnate into *Sediment*;
But frolick on, without consulting *Fate*,
Till your loose, shattering Souls *evaporate*.
Each individual Votary shall share
Repeated Pledges of my constant Care:
A balmy Mist of *Lethe*-Dews shall fall
In cool refreshing *Opiates* on all;
As Lands of *Spices*, in a fragrant Air,
Disperse and scatter their Perfumes afar,
With equal Frankness, and with greater Love,
I'll shower down my Blessings from above.
That peaceful Days may still my Reign await,
I'll give the *God of War* an *Opiate*.
Your Starch'd, Punctilio-Bravoes, can't conclude
A private Quarrel, but with Loss of Blood:
Yet my *kind Fools* are naturally *strange*
To all the *Means* and *Mischief* of *Revenge*.
And thus I'll lay all *Discords* that arise
From being *really* or *reputed Wise*.
Let not the *Jolly Heir*, who revels on,
Unrav'ling all his Father's Thrift had spun,
Turn *Saint*, for fear of some restrictive Ties,
Or that penurious Project, *Legacies*:
I'll keep the *Sire* so *doating*, he shall ne'er
Impoverish *this*, or chuse *another Heir*.
Thus with a *Princely Care* will I contrive
To guard your *Rights*, and my *Prerogative*.

((XK))

The ~~rough~~ *Quick*, in a *robust* *Swain*,
Will strive to Preach *Tab-learning* up again,
And prove that none, but *Anchorites* are *Mentors*;
Tho' now you'll scorn their *Philosophick Rants*;
And laugh their *Reasonings* out of Countenance:
You'll see the Fruit and Influence of Books,
And ne'er desire to be made Great by *Stacks*.
Admonish'd thus, and repossess'd anew
Of Freedom, Peace, and my Protection too,
Push your Career with an advancing Haste,
Let one Day's Joy exceed all Ages past:
With Frolicks drain your Souls of all their Earth,
Ne'er Think, but Laugh, and Breathe no Air but
Mirth.

And now farewell, I must with speed away,
The Buxom Gods keep Jubilee to Day;
And all their Jollity will soon conclude,
If I dont come and act an Interlude:
They vote me still the Prolocutor's Chair,
Besides, I am to make th' *Encenia* there.

Upon the following Translation.

SINCE awkward *Folly* is so neatly drawn,
And all its Charms in *Nakedness* are shown;
Since barren *Wisdom* unattended sits,
And no Respect, and few *Encomiums*, meets,
Too poor to keep an Equipage of Wits;
Blest is the senseless Man, the thickest Scull,
The grinning, harden'd and undaunted Fool.
Blest are the *Dutch*, who this their Idol prize,
And wisely fall its humble Votaries.

Their

Their Praise the Press does often speak with Pain,
 The Press, to all a Pimp, and Bawd for Gain.
 To th' World each strives to shew his *Learned Soul*,
 And in great Letters writes himself an O W L.
 But, tho' when living they Abuses meet,
 By being dead they Fame and Credit get:
 In Epitaph some Hundred Pounds are spent,
 And every Fool hath then a *Monument*.
Leyden in *Physick Tracts* would often please,
 Our only Sickness, and the worst Disease;
 Hither their vast dull Commentators sail,
 And shew that Gospellers sometimes may fail.
 In Waters bred they *Inundations* drew,
 And load all Nations with a *Deluge* too.
 Happy, then happy, must our Island be,
 With *Parsons* stock'd, and *Dutch*-Divinity:
 Yet these our wise, mistaken Croud desire,
 And all, that from Beyond-Sea come, admire.
 To our fine Ladies *Paris* thus unlades
 Its Ribbons, Footmen, and its Chamber-maids.
 The *French* indeed have often broke the Peace,
 But Fashions and Romance do plague us less.
 For no Man now securely lives at Home,
 The *Turks* and *Dutch* invade our Christendom.
 In *Native Soil* their Dulness safe may rest,
 But why should they their Neighbours thus infest?
 To *Holland*, *Grotius* by *Mistake* was sent;
 Sure that Man Nature for our *England* meant.
 Their Worlds in all Things still must us obey,
 As Lords and Sovereigns, by Land and Sea.
De Wit, *Trump*, *Ruyter*, easily we beat;
 Their Ships from ours do nat'rally retreat,
Erasmus only is unconquer'd yet.

That

That Name alone (worthy the Noblest Muse)
 Does from Disgrace and utmost Scorn excuse.
 His Youthful Merry Style atones for all
 Their Clumsiness, a Sin that's National.
 In Comick Dress he gravely preaches Sense,
 Directs, and jeers, and chides his Audience.
 O'er Thoughts profound Mirth dances all the Way,
 Like the Sun-beams which on deep Waters play.
 Henceforth I all laborious Trifles slight,
 Thy Works can teach to talk, and how to write.
 Cease then, ye Sots, that us in spight of Fate,
 By damn'd Buffoonery, would imitate.
 You, who by Tavern-Jests a Fame would get,
 And feed upon the *Excrements* of Wit;
 To raise up Mirth who basely rob the Crowd,
 Sing nobly out of Tune, and laugh aloud.
 This from *Erasmus* Ghost much Pity drew;
 He comes our Island to inform anew.
 Methinks his Ship upon the *Thames* appears,
 Proud of the Weight and Learning which it bears.
 The Multitude on th' Banks do shout their Joys;
 To greet his Friend, e'en Reverend *More* does rise.
 The Standard is set up, the Cannons roar,
 And all *Erasmus* welcome to our *English* Shore.

Oxon, Sept. 20, 1683.

On

On the Argument and Design of the following Oration.

W^Hate'er the Modern Satires of the Stage,
 To jirk the Failures of a sliding Age,
 Have lavishly expos'd to publick View,
 For a Discharge to all from Envy due;
 Here, in as lively Colours, Naked lye,
 With equal Wit, and much more Modesty;
 Those Poets, wth their free disclosing Arts,
 Strip Vice so near to its uncomely Parts,
 Their Libels prove but Lessons, and they teach
 Those very Crimes, which they intend t^e impeach:
 While here so wholesome all, tho' sharp to Taste,
 So briskly free, yet so resolv'dly Chaste;
 The Virgin naked as her God of Bows,
 May read, or hear, when Blood at highest flows;
 Nor more Expence of Blushes then arise,
 Than while the Lect'ring Matron does advise
 To guard her Virtue and her Honour prize.

Satire and Panegyrick, distant be;
 Yet jointly here they both in one agree.
 The Whole's a Sacrifice of Salt and Fire:
 So does the Humour of the Age require,
 To chase the Touch, and so soment Desire.
 As Doctrine-dandling Preachers lull asleep
 Their unattentive, pent-up—*Fold of Sheep*;
 The opiated Milk glues up the Brain,
 And *Babes of Grace* are in their Cradles lain;
 While mounted *Harlequin*, obscene and loud,
 Like crowing Cock, alarms the drowsie Crowd;
 Whose

Whose giddy Ears are prick'd as bolt upright,
 As *Hairs* erect, occasion'd by a Fright;
 So does it fare with croaking Spawns o'th' Prefs,
 The Subject's Mould ne'er alters the Success;
 What's serious, like Sleep, grants *Writs of Ease*,
 Satire and Ridicule can only please;
 As if no other Animals could gape,
 But biting Badgers, or the snick'ring Ape.

FOLLY by *Irony*'s commended here,
 Sooth'd, that her Weakness may the more appear.
 Thus *Fools*, who deck'd in *Red* and *Yellow* shine,
 Are made believe that they are wondrous fine,
 When all's a Plot t' expose them by Design.
 The Largeesses of *FOLLY* here are strown,
 Like Pebbles, not to pick, but trample on.
 Thus *Spartans* laid their drunken Slaves before
 The Boys, to juggle, stick and tumble o'er:
 Not that the thirsty Youngsters might combine
 To taste and know the *Mystery of Wine*,
 But wonder thus at Men, transform'd to Swine;
 And that they these Enchantments might escape,
 Timely renounce the Devil of the Grape.

So here, ———

Though *FOLLY* Speaker be, and *Argument*,
WIT guides the Tongue, *WISDOM*'s the
Lecture meant.

A Pre-

A
PREFATORY EPISTLE
FROM
ERASMUS
TO
Sir THO. MORE.



N my late Travels from Italy into England, that I might not trifle away my Time in the Rehearsal of old Wives Fables, I thought it more pertinent to employ my Thoughts in reflecting upon some past Studies, or calling to Remembrance several of those highly Learned, as well as smartly Ingenious, Friends I had here left behind; among whom you (Dear SIR) were represented as the Chief; you, whose Memory, while absent at this Distance, I respect with no less a Complacency than I was wont while

while present to enjoy your more intimate Conversation; which last afforded me the greatest Satisfaction I could possibly hope for. Having therefore resolved to be a doing, and deeming that Time improper for any serious Concerns, I thought good to divert myself with drawing up a Panegyrick upon Folly. How! What Maggot say you put this in your Head? Why, the first Hint (Sir) was your own Sirname of More, which comes as near the literal Sound of the * Word, as you yourself are distant from the Signification of it; and that in all Mens Judgments is vastly wide. In the next place, I supposed that this kind of sporting Wit would be by you more especially accepted of, by you (Sir) that are wont with that sort of jocular Raillery, (such as (if I mistake not) is neither dull nor impertinent) to be mightily pleased, and in your ordinary Converse to approve yourself a Democritus Junior: For truly, as you do from a singular Vein of Wit very much dissent from the common Herd of Mankind; so by an incredible Affability and Pliableness of Temper you have the Art of suiting your Humour with all sorts of Companies. I hope therefore, you will not only readily accept of this rude Essay as a Token from your Friend, but take it under your more immediate Protection, as being Dedicated to you,

and by that Title adopted for yours, rather than to be fathered as my own. And it is a Chance if there be wanting some quarrelsome Persons that will shew their Teeth, and pretend these Fooleries are either too Buffoon-like for a grave Divine, or too Satyrical for a meek Christian, and so will exclaim against me as if I were vamping up some old Farce, or acted anew the Lucian again with a peevish Snarling at all Things. But those who are offended at the Lightness and Pedantry of this Subject, I would have them consider that I do not set myself for the first Example of this kind, but that the same has been oft done by many considerable Authors. For thus several Ages since Homer wrote of no more weighty a Subject than of a War between the Frogs and Mice; Virgil of a Gnat and a Pudding-Cake; and Ovid of a Nut. Polycrates commended the Cruelty of Busiris; and Isocrates, that corrects him for this, did as much for the Injustice of Glaucus. Favorinus extoll'd Thirsites, and wrote in Praise of a Quartan Ague. Synesius pleaded in behalf of Baldness: And Lucian defended a Skipping-Fly. Seneca drollingly related the Deifying of Claudius; Plutarch the Dialogue betwixt Gryllus and Ulysses; Lucian and Apuleius the Story of an Ass; and Somebody else Records the last Will of a Hog, of which St. Hierom makes mention. So that if they please, let themselves

think the worst of me, and fancy. to themselves, that I were all this while a playing at Push-pin, or riding astride on a Hobby-horse. For how unjust is it, if when we allow, different Recreations to each particular Course of Life, we afford no Diversion to Studies; especially when Trifles may be a Whet to more serious Thoughts, and comical Matters may be so treated of, as that a Reader of ordinary Sense may possibly thence reap more Advantage than from some more big and stately Argument: As while one in a long-winded Oration descants in Commendation of Rhetorick or Philosophy: another in a fulsome Harangue sets forth the Praise of his Nation; a third makes a zealous Invitation to a Holy War with the Turks; another confidently sets up for a Fortune-teller; and a fifth states Questions upon mere Impertinences. But as nothing is more Childish than to handle a serious Subject in a loose, wanton Style; so is there nothing more pleasant than so to treat of Trifles, as to make them seem nothing less than what their Name imports. As to what relates to my self, I must be forc'd to submit to the Judgment of others; yet except I am too partial to be Judge in my own Case, I am apt to believe I have praised Folly in such a manner as not to have deserved the Name of a Fool for my Pains. To reply now to the Objection of Satyricallness, Wits have been always allowed this Privilege, that

that they might be smart upon any Transactions of Life, if so be their Liberty did not extend to Railing; which makes me wonder at the tender-car'd Humour of this Age, which will admit of no Address without the Prefatory Repetition of all formal Titles; nay, you may find some so preposterously devout, that they will sooner wink at the greatest Affronts against our Saviour, than be content that a Prince, or a Pope, should be nettled with the least Joke or Gird; especially in what relates to their ordinary Customs. But he who so blames Mens Irregularities, as to lash at no one particular Person by Name, does he (I say) seem to carp so properly as to teach and instruct? And if so, how am I concerned to make any further Excuse? Beside, he, who in his Strictures points indifferently at all, seems not angry at one Man, but all Vices.

Therefore if any singly complain, they are particularly reflected upon, they do but betray their own Guilt, at least their Cowardice. St. Hierom dealt in the same Argument at a much freer and sharper Rate; nay, and he did not sometimes refrain from naming the Persons: Whereas I have not only stifled the mentioning any one Person, but have so tempered my Style, as the ingenuous Reader will easily perceive I aimed at Diver-sion rather than Satire. Neither did I so far imitate Juvenal, as to rake into the Sink of Vices to procure a Laughter, rather than create
a hearty

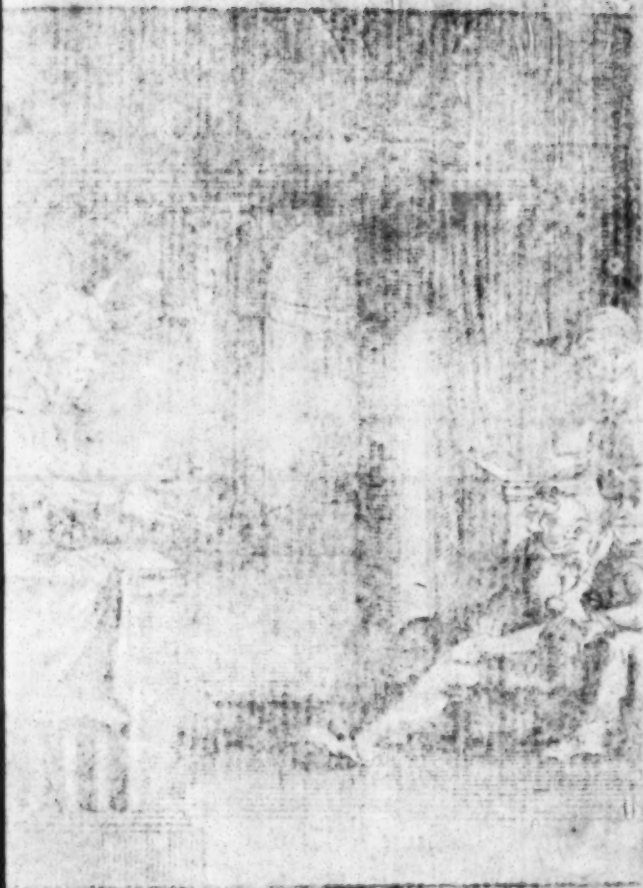
a hearty Abhorrence. If there be any one that after all remains yet unsatisfied, let him at least consider that there may be good Use made of being reprehended by Folly, which since we have feigned as speaking, we must keep up that Character which is suitable to the Person introduced.

But why do I trouble you (Sir) with this needless Apology, you that are so peculiar a Patron, as though the Cause itself be none of the best, you can at the least give it the best Protection, Farewel.



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A
PANEGYRICK
UPON
FOLLY,
DECLAMATION-WISE.

[*FOLLY* Speaks,]



OW slightly soever I am esteemed in the common Vogue of the World (for I well know how disingenuously Folly is decried even by those who are themselves the greatest Fools;) yet it is from my Influence alone that the whole Universe receives her Ferment of Mirth and Jollity.

B

lity: Of which this may be urged as a convincing Argument, in that as soon as I appeared to speak before this numerous Assembly, all their Countenances were gilded o'er with a lively sparkling Pleasantness: You soon welcomed me with so encouraging a Look, you spurr'd me on with so cheerful a Hum, that truly in all Appearance you seem now flush'd with a good Dose of reviving Nectar, when-as just before you sat drowsy and melancholy, as if you were lately come out of some Hermit's Cell. But as it is usual, that as soon as the Sun peeps from its Eastern Bed, and draws back the Curtains of the darksome Night; or as when after a hard Winter the restorative Spring breathes a more enlivening Air, Nature forthwith changes her Apparel, and all things seem to renew their Age; so at the first Sight of me you all unmask, and appear in more lively Colours. That therefore which expert Orators can scarce effect by all their little Artifice of Eloquence, to wit, a raising the Attentions of their Auditors to a Composedness of Thought; this a bare Look from me has commanded. The Reason why I appear in this odd kind of Garb you shall soon be informed of, if for so short a while you will have but the Patience to lend me an Ear; yet not such an one as you are wont to hearken with to your Reverend Preachers, but as you listen withal to Mountebanks,

UPON FOLLY. 3

banks, Buffoons, and *Merry-Andrews*; in short, such as were formerly fastned to *Midas*, as a Punishment for his Affront to the God *Pan*. For I am now in a Humour to act awhile the *Sophist*; yet not of that Sort who undertake the Drudgery of tyrannizing over School-Boys, and teach a more than Womanish Knack of Brawling; but in Imitation of those Ancient Ones, who to avoid the scandalous Epithet of *Wise*, preferr'd this Title of *Sophists*; the Task of these was to celebrate the Worth of Gods and Heroes. Prepare therefore to be entertained with a *Panegyrick*; yet not upon *Hercules*, *Solon*, or any other Grandee; but on my self, that is, upon *Folly*.

AND here I value not their Censure that pretend it is foppish and affected for any Person to praise himself: Yet let it be as silly as they please, if they will but allow it needful: And indeed what is more besitting than that *Folly* should be the Trumpet of her own Praise, and Dance after her own Pipe? For who can set me forth better than my self? Or who can pretend to be so well acquainted with my Condition?

AND yet farther I may safely urge, that all this is no more than the same with what is done by several seemingly Great and Wise Men, who with a new fashion'd Modesty employ some paltry Orator or scribbling Poet, whom they bribe to flatter them with some highflown

A P A N E G Y R I C K

Character, that shall consist of mere Lies and Shams: And yet the Persons thus extoll'd shall bristle up, and Peacock-like bespread their Plumes, while the impudent Parasite magnifies the poor Wretch to the Skies, and proposes him as a compleat Pattern of all Virtues, from each of which he is yet as far distant as Heaven itself from Hell: What's all this in the mean while, but the tricking up a *Daw* in stoln Feathers, a labouring to change the *Black-moor's* Hue, and the drawing on a *Pigmy's* Frock over the Shoulders of a *Giant*.

LASTLY, I verify the old Observation, that allows him a Right of praising himself who has no body else to do it for him: For really I cannot but admire at that Ingratitude, shall I term it, or Blockishness of Mankind, who when they all willingly pay to me their utmost Devour, and freely acknowledge their respective Obligations; that notwithstanding this, there should have been none so grateful or complaisant as to have bestowed on me a Commendatory Oration, especially when there have not been wanting such as, at a great Expence of Sweat, and Loss of Sleep, have in elaborate Speeches given high Encomiums to Tyrants, Agues, Flies, Baldness, and such like Trumperies.

I SHALL entertain you with a hasty and unpremeditated, but so much the more natural, Discourse.

Discourse. My venting it *extempore* I would not have you think proceeds from any Principles of Vain-glory, by which ordinary Orators square their Attempts, who (as it is easy to observe) when they are delivered of a Speech that has been Thirty Years a conceiving, nay, perhaps at last none of their own, yet they'll swear they wrote it in a great Hurry, and upon very short Warning: Whereas the Reason of my not being provided beforehand is only because it was always my Humour constantly to *speak* that which lies *Uppermost*. Next, let no one be so fond as to imagine that I should so far stint my Invention to the Method of other Pleaders, as first to *define*, and then *divide*, my Subject, *i. e.* myself. For it is equally hazardous to attempt the crowding her within the narrow Limits of a Definition, whose Nature is of so diffusive an Extent, or to mangle and disjoin that, to the Adoration whereof all Nations unitedly concur. Beside, to what Purpose is it to lay down a Definition for a faint Resemblance and mere Shadow of me, while appearing here Personally you may view me at a more certain Light? And if your Eyesight fail not, you may at first Blush discern me to be her whom the Greeks term *Mæcia*, the Latins *Stultitia*.

BUT why need I have been so impertinent as to have told you this, as if my very Looks did not

not sufficiently betray what I am; or supposing any be so credulous as to take me for some sage Matron or Goddess of Wisdom, [FIG. II.] as if a single Glance from me would not immediately correct their Mistake, while my Visage, the exact Reflex of my Soul, would supply and supersede the Trouble of any other Confessions: For I appear always in my natural Colours, and an unartificial Dress, and never let my Face pretend one thing and my Heart conceal another: Nay, and in all things I am so true to my Principles, that I cannot be so much as counterfeited, even by those who challenge the Name of *Wits*, yet indeed are no better than Jackanapes's, trick'd up in gawdy Cloaths, and *Asses* strutting in *Lions Skins*; and how cunningly soe'er they carry it, their long *Ears* [FIG. III.] appear and betray what they are. These in troth are very rude and disingenuous; for while they apparently belong to my Party, yet among the Vulgar they are so ashamed of my Relations, as to cast it in others Dish for a Shame and Reproach: Wherefore since they are so eager to be accounted *Wise*, when in truth they are extreamly *Silly*, what if to give them their due I dub them with the Title of *Wise Fools*: And herein they copy after the Example of some modern Orators, who swell to that Proportion of Conceitedness, as to vaunt themselves for so many Giants of Eloquence, if with a double
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Fig. 2 p. 6.







R

UPON FOLLY. 7

tongu'd Fluency they can plead indifferently for either Side; and deem it a very doughty Exploit, if they can but interlard a *Latin* Sentence with some *Greek* Word, which for seeming Garnish they croud in at a venture; and rather than be at a Stand for some cramp Words, they'll furnish up a long Scroul of old obsolete Terms out of some musty Author, and foist them in, to amuse the Reader with, that those who understand them may be tickled with the Happiness of being acquainted with them, and those who understand them not, the less they know the more they may admire: Whereas it has been always a Custom to those of our Side to condemn and undervalue whatever is strange and unusual, while those that are better conceited of themselves will nod and smile, and prick up their Ears, that they may be thought easily to apprehend that, of which perhaps they do not understand one Word. And so much for this; pardon the Digression, now I return.

OF my Name I have informed you, *Sirs*; what Additional Epithet to give you I know not, except you'll be content with that of *Most Foolish*; for under what more proper Appellation can the Goddess *Folly* greet her *Devotees*? But since there are few acquainted with my Family and Original, I'll now give you some Account of my *Extraction*.

FIRST

A PANEGYRICK

FIRST then, my *Father* was neither the Chaos, nor Hell, nor *Saturn*, nor *Jupiter*, nor any of those old, worn out, Grandfire Gods; but *Plutus*, the very same that, maugre *Homer*, *Hesiod*, nay, in spite of *Jove* himself, was the primary Father of the Universe: At whose alone Beck, for all Ages, Religion and Civil Policy have been successively undermined and re-established; by whose powerful Influence War, Peace, Empire, Debates, Justice, Magistracy, Marriage, Leagues, Compacts, Laws, Arts, (I've almost run myself out of Breath, but) in a word, all Affairs of Church and State, and Business of private Concern, are severally ordered and administred; without whose Assistance all the Poets Gang of Deities, nay, I may be so bold as to say the very *Major-domo's* of Heaven, would either dwindle into nothing, or at least be confined to their respective Homes, without any Ceremonies of Devotional Address: Whom he combats with as an Enemy nothing can be Armour-proof against his Assaults; and whosoever he sides with as a Friend, may grapple at even hand with *Jove*, and all his Bolts. Of such a Father I may well brag; and he begot me, not of his Brain, as *Jupiter* did the Hag *Pallas*, but of a pretty young Nymph, fam'd for Wit no less than Beauty: And this Feat was not done amidst the Embraces of dull nauseous Wedlock,

but

but what gave a greater Gust to the Pleasure, it was done at a *stol'n Bout*, as we may modestly phrase it. But to prevent your mistaking me, I would have you understand that my Father was not that *Plutus* in *Aristophanes*, Old, Dry, Withered, Sapless and Blind; but the same in his Younger and Brisker Days, and when his Veins were more impregnated, and the Heat of his Youth somewhat higher inflamed by a chirping Cup of Nectar, which for a whet to his Lust he had just before drank very freely of at a Merry-meeting of the Gods. And now presuming you may be inquisitive after my *Birth-place* (the Quality of the Place we are Born in, being now look'd upon as a main Ingredient of Gentility) I were Born neither in the floating *Delos*, nor on the frothy Sea, nor in any of these Privacies, where too forward Mothers are wont to retire for an undiscovered Delivery; but in the Fortune Islands, where all Things grow without the Toil of Husbandry, wherein there is no Drudgery, no Distempers, no Old Age, where in the Fields grow no Daffadillies, Mallows, Onions, Pease, Beans, or such kind of Trash; but there give equal Divertisement to our Sight and Smelling, Rue, All-heal, Bugloss, Marjoram, Herb of Life, Roses, Violets, Hyacinth, and such like Fragrances as perfume the Gardens of *Adonis*. And being Born amongst these Delights, I did
not,

not, like other Infants, come crying into the World, but perk'd up, and laugh'd immediately in my Mother's Face. And there is no Reason I should Envy *Jove* for having a [FIG. IV.] She-Goat to his *Nurse*, since I were more creditably suckled by Two jolly Nymphs; the Name of the first *Drunkennes*, one of *Bacchus's* Off-spring, the other, *Ignorance*, the Daughter of *Pan*; both which you may here behold among several others of my Train and Attendants, whose particular Names, if you would fain know, I'll give you in short. This, who goes with a mincing Gate, and holds up her Head so high, is *Self-love*. She, that looks so Spruce, and makes such a Noise and Bustle, is *Flattery*. That other, which sits hum-drum, as if she were half asleep, is call'd *Forgetfulness*. She, that leans on her Elbow, and sometimes yawningly stretches out her Arms, is *Laziness*. This, that wears a plighted Garland of Flowers, and smells so Perfumed, is *Pleasure*. The other, which appears in so smooth a Skin, and pampered-up Flesh, is *Sensuality*. She, that stares so wildly, and rous about her Eyes, is *Madness*. As to those two Gods whom you see playing among the Lasses, the Name of the one is *Intemperance*, the other *Sound Sleep*. By the Help and Service of this Retinue I bring all Things under the Verge of my Power, lord-ing it over the greatest Kings and Potentates.

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UPON FOLLY. 11

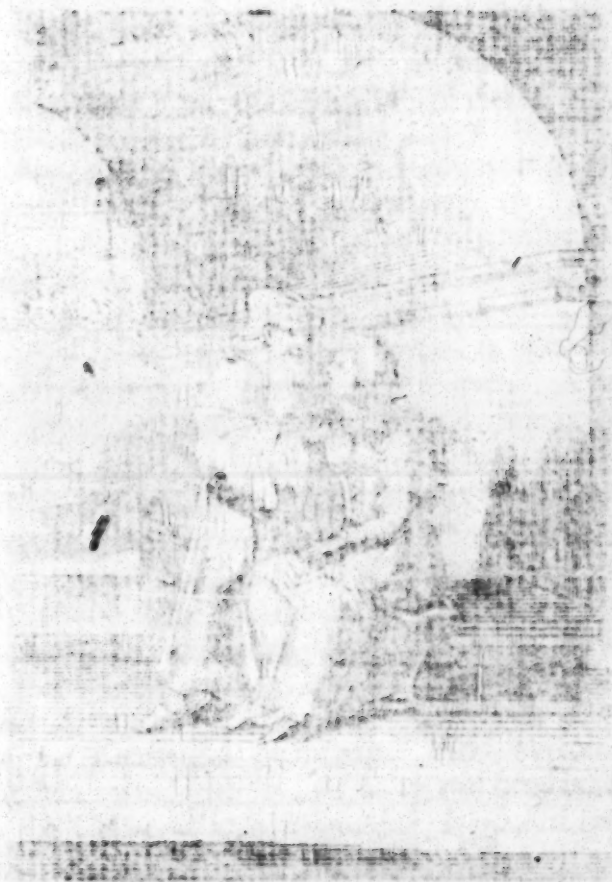
YOU have now heard of my Descent, my Education, and my Attendance; that I may not be taxed as presumptuous in borrowing the Title of a *Goddeſs*, I come now in the next place to acquaint you what obliging Favours I every-where beſtow, and how largely my Jurisdiction extends: For if, as one has ingenuouſly noted, to be a *God* is no other than to be a *Benefactor* to Mankind; and if they have been thought deſervedly Deified who have Invented the Uſe of Wine, Corn, or any other Convenience for the Well-being of Mortals, why may not I juſtly bear the Van among the whole Troop of Gods, who in all, and toward all, exert an unparallel'd Bounty and Beneficence?

FOR Instance, in the firſt place, what can be more dear and precious than Life itſelf? And yet for this are none beholden, ſave to me alone. For it is neither the Spear of throughly-begotten *Pallas*, nor the Buckler of Cloud-gathering *Jove*, that multiplies and propagates Mankind: But that Prime Father of the Univerſe, who at a diſpleaſing Nod makes Heaven itſelf to tremble; he (I ſay) muſt lay aſide his frightful Enſigns of Majeſty, and put away that grim Aſpect wherewith he makes the other Gods to quake, and, Stage-player-like, muſt alter his uſual Character, if he would do that, the doing whereof he cannot refrain from, *i. e.*
Getting

Getting of Children. The next Place to the Gods is challenged by the *Stoicks*; but give me one as Stoical as Ill-nature can make him, and if I do not prevail on him to part with his Beard, that Bush of Wisdom (though no other Ornament than what Nature in more ample manner has given to Goats) yet at least he shall lay by his Gravity, smoothe up his Brow, relinquish his rigid Tenets, [FIG. V.] and in despite of Prejudice become sensible of some Passion in wanton Sport and Dallying. In a Word, this Dictator of Wisdom shall be glad to take Folly for his Diversion, if ever he would arrive to the Honour of a Father. And why should I not tell my Story out? To proceed then: Is it the Head, the Face, the Breasts, the Hands, the Ears, or other more comely Parts, that serve for Instruments of Generation? I trow not; but it is that Member of our Body which is so odd and uncouth as can scarce be mentioned without a Smile. This Part, I say, is that Fountain of Life, from which originally spring all Things in a truer Sense than from the Elemental Seminary. Add to this, what Man would be so silly as to run his Head into the Collar of a *Matrimonial Noose*, if (as wise Men are wont to do) he had before-hand duly consider'd the Inconveniences of a Wedded Life? Or indeed what Woman would open her Arms to receive the Embraces of a *Husband*,

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band, if she did but forecast the Pangs of Child-birth, and the Plague of being a Nurse? Since then you owe your Birth to the Bride-bed, and (what was preparatory to that) the Solemnizing of Marriage to my Waiting-woman *Madness*, you cannot but acknowledge how much you are indebted to me. Besides, those who had once dearly bought the Experience of their Folly, would never re-engage themselves in the same Intanglement by a *Second Match*, if it were not occasion'd by the Forgetfulness of past Dangers. And *Venus* herself (whatever *Lucretius* pretends to the contrary) cannot deny, but that, without my Assistance, her Procreative Power would prove weak and ineffectual. It was from my sportive and tickling Recreation that proceeded the Old Crabbed Philosophers, and those who now supply their Stead, the mortified Monks and Friars; as also Kings, Priests and Popes, nay, the whole Tribe of Poetick Gods, who are at last grown so numerous, as in the Camp of Heaven (though ne'er so spacious) to *justle* for Elbow-room. But it is not sufficient to have made it appear, that I am the Source and Original of all Life, except I likewise shew, that all the Benefits of Life are equally at my Disposal. And what are such? Why, can any one be said properly to live, to whom Pleasure is denied? You'll give me your Assent; for there is none I know among you,

so wise shall I say, or so silly, as to be of a contrary Opinion. The Stoicks indeed concern, and pretend to banish Pleasure; but this is only a dissembling Trick, and a putting the Vulgar out of Conceit with it, that they may more quietly engross it to themselves: But I dare them now to confess what one Stage of Life is not Melancholy, Dull, Tiresome, Tedious and Uneasie; unless we spice it with *Pleasure*, that Hautgoust of FOLLY. Of the Truth whereof the never enough to be commended *Sophocles* is sufficient Authority, who gives me the highest Character in that Sentence of his,

To know nothing, is the sweetest Life.

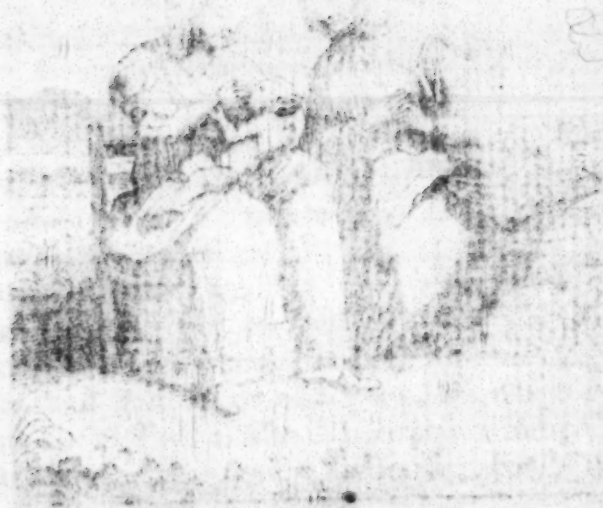
YET abating from this, let us examine the Case more narrowly. Who knows not, that the first Scene of *Infancy* is far the most pleasant and delightful? What then is it in Children, that makes us to kiss, hug and play with them, and that the bloodiest Enemy can scarce have the Heart to hurt them, but their Ingredience of Innocence and Folly, of which Nature out of Providence did purposely compound and blend their tender Infancy, [FIG. VI.] that by a frank Return of Pleasure they might make some sort of Amends for their Parents Trouble, and give in Caution as it were for the Discharge of a future Education? The next
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Fig. 6 p. 14.





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Advance from Childhood is *Youth*, and how favourably is this dealt with? How kind, courteous and respectful are all to it? And how ready to become serviceable upon all Occasions? And whence reaps it this Happiness? Whence indeed but from me only, by whose Procurement it is furnish'd with little of Wisdom, and so with the less of Disquiet? And when once Lads begin to grow up, and attempt to write *Man*, their Prettiness does then soon decay, their Briskness flags, their Humours stagnate, their Jollity ceases, and their Blood grows cold; and the farther they proceed in Years, the more they go backward in the Enjoyment of themselves, till waspish Old Age comes on, a Burthen to itself as well as others, and that so heavy and oppressive, as none would bear the Weight of, unless out of Pity to their Sufferings. I again intervene, and lend a Helping-hand, assisting them at a dead Lift, in the same Method the Poets feign their Gods to succour dying Men, by transforming them into New Creatures, which I do by bringing them back, after they have one Foot in the Grave, to their Infancy again; so as there is a great deal of Truth couch'd in that Old Proverb, *Once an Old Man, and Twice a Child*. Now, if any one be curious to understand what Course I take to effect this Alteration, my Method is this: I bring them to my Well of *Forgetfulness* (the

Fountain whereof is in the *Fortunate Islands*, and the River *Lethe* in Hell but a small Stream of it) and when they have there fill'd their Bellies full, and wash'd down Care, by the Virtue and Operation whereof they become Young again: Ay, but (say you) they merely *dote*, and play the *Fool*: Why yes, this is what I mean by growing Young again: For what else is it to be a Child, than to be a Fool and an Idiot? It is the being such, that makes that Age so acceptable: For, who does not esteem it somewhat Ominous, to see a Boy endow'd with the Discretion of a Man; and therefore for the Curbing of too forward Parts we have a disparaging Proverb, *Soon ripe, soon rotten*? And farther, who would keep Company, or have any thing to do with such an Old Blade, as, after the Wear and Harrowing of so many Years, should yet continue of as clear a Head and sound a Judgment as he had at any time been in his Middle-age; and therefore it is a great Kindness of me that Old Men grow *Fools*, since it is hereby only, that they are freed from such Vexations as would torment them if they were more *Wise*: They can drink briskly, bear up stoutly, and lightly pass over such Infirmities, as a far stronger Constitution could scarce master. Sometimes, with the Old Fellow in *Plautus*, they are brought back to their *Horn-book* again, to learn to spell their Fortune in Love. Most wretched

wretched would they needs be, if they had but Wit enough to be sensible of their hard Condition ; but, by my Assistance, they carry off all well, and to their respective Friends approve themselves good, sociable, jolly Companions. Thus *Homer* makes Aged *Nestor* fam'd for a smooth oily-tongu'd Orator, while the Delivery of *Achilles* was but rough, harsh and hesitant ; and the same *Poet* elsewhere tells us of Old Men that sat on the Walls, and spake with a great deal of Flourish and Elegance. And in this Point indeed they surpass and outgo Children, who are pretty forward in a softly innocent *Prattle*, but otherwise are too much Tongue-ty'd, and want the other's most acceptable Embellishment of a perpetual *Talkativeness*. Add to this, that Old Men love to be playing with Children, and Children delight as much in them, to verify the Proverb, that *Birds of a Feather flock together*. And indeed, what difference can be discern'd between 'em, but that the one is more furrow'd with Wrinkles, and has seen a little more of the World than the other ? For otherwise their Whitish Hair, their Want of Teeth, their Smallness of Stature, their Milk Diet, their Bald Crowns, their Pratling, their Playing, their short Memory, their Heedlessness, and all other Endowments, exactly agree ; and the more they advance in Years, the nearer they come back to their Cradle, till, like Chil-

dren indeed, at last they depart the World, without any Remorse at the Loss of Life, or Sense of the Pangs of Death.

AND now let any one compare the Excellency of my Metamorphosing Power to that which *Ovid* attributes to the Gods; their strange Feats in some drunken Passions we will omit for their Credit sake, and instance only in such Persons as they pretend great Kindnesses for: These are transform'd into Trees, Birds, Insects, and sometimes Serpents; but alas, their very Change into somewhat else argues the Destruction of what they were before; whereas I can restore the same numerical Man to his pristine State of Youth, Health and Strength: Yea, what is more, if Men would but so far consult their own Interest, as to discard all Thoughts of Wisdom, and entirely resign themselves to my Guidance and Conduct, Old-age should be a Paradox, and each Man's Years a perpetual Spring. For look how your hard plodding *Students*, by a close sedentary Confinement to their Books, grow mopish, pale and meagre, as if, by a continual Wrack of Brains, and Torture of Invention, their Veins were pump'd dry, and their whole Body squeez'd sapless; whereas my Followers are smooth, plump and bucksome, and altogether as lusty as so many Bacon-Hogs or sucking Calves; never in their Career of Pleasure to be arrested with

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Old-age, if they could but keep themselves untainted from the Contagiousness of Wisdom, with the Leprosy whereof if at any time they are infected, it is only for Prevention, lest they should otherwise have been too happy.

FOR a more ample Confirmation of the Truth of what foregoes, it is on all Sides confess'd, that Folly is the best Preservative of Youth, and the most effectual Antidote against Age. And it is a Never-failing Observation made of the People of *Brabant*, that, contrary to the Proverb of *Older and Wiser*, the more ancient they grow, the more Fools they are; and there is not any one Country, whose Inhabitants enjoy themselves Better, and rub through the World with more Ease and Quiet. To these are nearly related, as well by Affinity of Customs, as of Neighbourhood, my Friends the *Hollanders*: Mine I may well call them, for they stick so close and loving to me, that they are stiled *Fools* to a Proverb, and yet scorn to be asham'd of their Name. Well, let fond Mortals go now in a needless Quest of some *Medea*, *Circe*, *Venus*, or some enchanted Fountain, for a Restorative of Age, whereas the Accurate Performance of this Feat lies only within the Ability of my Art and Skill.

IT is I only, who have the Receipt of making that Liquor wherewith *Memnon's* Daughter lengthen'd out her Grandfather's declining Days:

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It is I, that am that *Venus*, who so far restor'd the languishing *Phaon*, as to make *Sappho* fall deeply in Love with his Beauty. Mine are those Herbs, mine those Charms, that not only lure back swift Time, when past and gone; but (what is more to be admired) clip its Wings, and prevent all farther Flight. So then, if you will all agree to my Verdict, that nothing is more desirable than the being Young, nor any thing more loathed than contemptible Old-age, you must needs acknowledge it is an unrequitable Obligation from me, for fencing off the One, and perpetuating the Other.

BUT why should I confine my Discourse to the narrow Subject of Mankind only? View the whole Heaven itself, and there tell me what one of that Divine Tribe would not be mean and despicable, if my Name did not lend him some Respect and Authority. Why is *Bacchus* always painted as a *Young Man*, [FIG. VII.] but only because he is Freakish, Drunk and Mad, and, spending his Time in Topping, Dancing, Masking and Revelling, seems to have nothing in the least to do with Wisdom? Nay, so far is he from the Affectation of being accounted Wise, that he is content all the Rites of Devotion which are paid unto him should consist of Apishness and Drollery. Farther, what Scoffs and Jeers did not the Old Comedians throw upon him? O swinish Paunch-gut
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Fig. 7, page 20.





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God (say they) that smells rank of the Sty he was sow'd up in, and so on. But prithee who in his Case, alway Merry, Youthful, soak'd in Wine, and drown'd in Pleasures, who (I say) in such a Case would change Conditions either with the lofty menace-looking *Jove*, the grave, yet timorous *Pan*, the stately *Pallas*, or indeed any one other of Heaven's Landlords? Why is *Cupid* feign'd as a Boy, but only because he is an Under-witted Whipster, that neither acts nor thinks any thing with Discretion? Why is *Venus* ador'd for the Mirrour of Beauty, but only because she and I claim Kindred, she being of the same Complexion with my Father *Plutus*, and therefore call'd by *Homer* the *Golden Goddess*? Besides, she imitates me in being alway a laughing, if either we believe the *Poets*, or their near Kinsmen the *Painters*, the first *Mentioning*, the other *Drawing* her constantly in that Posture. Add farther, to what Deity did the *Romans* pay a more Ceremonial Respect than to *Flora*, that Bawd of Obscenity? And if any one search the Poets for an Historical Account of the Gods, he shall find them all Famous for Lewd Pranks and Debaucheries. It is needless to insist upon the Miscarriages of others, when the leacherous Intrigues of *Jove* himself are so notorious, and when the pretendedly chaste *Diana* so oft uncloak'd her Modesty to run a Hunting after her Beloved

Beloved *Endymion*. But I'll say no more; for I had rather they should be told of their Faults by *Momus*, who was wont formerly to sting them with close Reflections, till nettled by his Abusive Raillery, they kick'd him out of Heaven for his Sawciness of daring to reprove such as were beyond Correction: And now in his Banishment from Heaven he finds but cold Entertainment here on Earth, nay, is denied all Admittance into the Courts of Princes, where, notwithstanding, my Handmaid *Flattery* finds a most encouraging Welcome: But this petulant Monitor being thrust out of Doors, the Gods can now more freely Rant and Revel, and take their whole Swing of Pleasure. Now the beastly *Priapus* may recreate himself without Contradiction in Lust and Filthiness; now the sly *Mercury* may, without Discovery, go on in his Thieveries, and nimble-finger'd Juggles; the sooty *Vulcan* may now renew his wonted Custom of making the other Gods laugh by his Hopping so limpingly, and coming off with so many dry Jokes, and biting Repartees. *Silenus*, the Old doting Lover, to shew his Activity, may now Dance a Frisking Jig, and the Nymphs be at the same Sport *Naked*. The Goatish *Satyrs* [FIG. VIII.] may make up a merry Ball, and *Pan*, the Blind Harper, may put up his Bagpipes, and sing Bawdy Catches, to which the Gods, especially when they are almost

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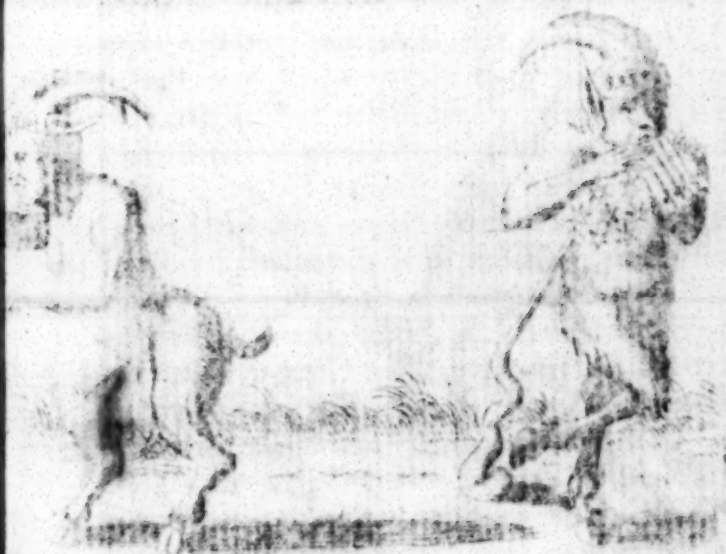




Fig. 8. p. 22.





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almost Drunk, shall give a most profound Attention. But why should I any farther rip open and expose the Weakness of the Gods? A Weakness so Childish and Absurd, that no Man can at the same time keep his Countenance, and make a Relation of it. Now therefore, like *Homer's* wandering *Muse*, I'll take my Leave of Heaven, and come down again here Below, where we shall find nothing happy, nay, nothing tolerable, without my Presence and Assistance. And in the first place consider how providently Nature has took Care, that in all her Works there should be some piquant Smack and Relish of *Folly*: For, since the *Stoicks* define Wisdom to be conducted by *Reason*, and *Folly* nothing else but the being hurried by *Passion*, lest our Life should otherwise have been too dull and unactive, that Creator, who out of Clay first tempered and made us up, put into the Composition of our Humanity more than a Pound of Passions to an Ounce of Reason; and Reason he confined within the narrow Cells of the *Brain*, whereas he left Passions the *whole Body* to range in. Farther, he set up Two sturdy Champions to stand perpetually on the Guard, that Reason might make no Assault, Surprize, nor Inroad: *Anger*, which keeps its Station in the Fortress of the *Heart*; and *Lust*, which like the Signs *Virgo* and *Scorpio*, rules the *Belly* and *Secret Members*. Against the For-

ces of these Two Warriors how unable is Reason to bear up and withstand, every Day's Experience does abundantly witness; while, let Reason be never so importunate in urging and reinforcing her Admonitions to Virtue, yet the Passions bear all before them, and by the least Offer of Curb or Restraint grow but more imperious, till Reason itself, for Quietness sake, is forced to desist from all farther Remonstrance. But because it seem'd expedient that Man, who was born for the Transaction of Business, should have so much Wisdom as should fit and capacitate him for the Discharge of his Duty herein; and yet lest such a Measure as is requisite for this Purpose might prove too dangerous and fatal, I were advised with for an Antidote, who prescrib'd this Infallible Receipt, of *taking a Wife*; a Creature so harmless and silly, and yet so useful and convenient, as might mollify and make pliable the Stiffness and morose Humour of Man. Now that which made *Plato* doubt under what *Genus* to rank *Woman*, whether among Brutes or Rational Creatures, was only meant to denote the extream Stupidness and Folly of that Sex; a Sex so unalterably Simple, that for any of them to thrust forward, and reach at the Name of *Wife*, is but to make themselves the more remarkable *Fools*, such an Endeavour, being but a swimming against the Stream, nay, a turning the Course of Nature, the bare Attempting

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tempting whereof is as extravagant as the effecting of it is impossible : For as it is a trite Proverb, *That an Ape will be an Ape, tho' clad in Purple* ; so a Woman will be a Woman, *i. e.* a Fool, whatever Disguise she takes up. And yet there is no Reason Women should take it amiss to be thus charged ; for if they do but rightly consider, they'll find that it is to Folly they are beholden for those Endowments wherein they so far surpass and excel Man ; as first, for their unparallel'd Beauty, by the Charm whereof they tyrannize over the greatest Tyrants : For what is it but too great a Smatch of Wisdom that makes Men so tawny and thick-skinn'd, so rough and prickly-bearded, like an Emblem of Winter, or Old-age, while Women have such dainty smooth Cheeks, such a low gentle Voice, and so pure a Complexion, as if Nature had drawn them for a standing Pattern of all Symmetry and Comeliness ? Beside, what greater or juster Aim and Ambition have they than to please their Husbands ? In order whereunto they garnish themselves with Paint, Washes, Curls, Perfumes, and all other Mysteries of Ornament ; yet after all they become acceptable to them only for their Folly. Wives are always allow'd their Humour, yet it is only in Exchange for Titillation and Pleasure, which indeed are but other Names for Folly ; as none can deny, who considers how a Man must hug, and dandle,

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and kittle, and play a Hundred little Tricks with his Bedfellow, [FIG. IX.] when he is disposed to make that *Use* of her that Nature design'd her for. Well then, you see whence that *greatest Pleasure* (to which Modesty scarce allows a Name) springs and proceeds.

BUT now some blood-chill'd Old Men, that are more for *Wine* than *Wenching*, will pretend that in their Opinion the greatest Happiness consists in Feasting and Drinking. Grant it be so; yet certainly in the most luxurious Entertainments it is Folly must give the Sauce and Relish to the daintiest Cates and Delicacies; so that if there be no one of the Guests naturally Fool enough to be play'd upon by the rest, they must procure some comical Buffoon, that by his Jokes, and Flouts, and Blunders, shall make the whole Company split themselves with Laughing: For to what Purpose were it to be stuff'd and cramm'd with so many dainty Bits, savoury Dishes, and toothsome Rarities, if after all this Epicurism of the Belly, the Eyes, the Ears, and the whole Mind of Man, were not as well foster'd and relieved with Laughing, Jestings, and such like Divertisements, which like second Courses serve for the promoting of Digestion? And as to all those Shooing-horns of Drunkenness, the keeping every one his Man, the throwing Hey-jinks, the filling of Bumpers, the drinking two in a Hand, the beginning of Mis-

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treffes Healths; and then the roaring out of drunken Catches, the calling in a Fiddler, the leading out every one his Lady to dance, and such like Riotous Pastimes, these were not Taught or Dictated by any of the Wise Men of *Greece*, but of *Gotham* rather, being *my* Invention, and by *me* prescribed as the best Preservative of Health: Each of which, the more Ridiculous it is, the more Welcome it finds. And indeed to jog sleepingly through the World in a dumpish melancholy Posture cannot properly be said to *Live*, but to be wound up as it were in a *Winding-Sheet* before we are dead, and so to be shuffled Quick into a Grave, and buried *Alive*.

BUT there are yet others perhaps that have no Gust in this Sort of Pleasure, but place their greatest Content in the Enjoyment of *Friends*, telling us that true *Friendship* is to be preferr'd before all other Acquirements; that it is a Thing so *useful* and *necessary* as the very Elements could not long subsist without a natural Combination; so *pleasant*, that it affords as warm an Influence as the Sun itself; so *honest*, (if Honesty in this Case deserve any Consideration) that the very Philosophers have not stuck to place this as one among the rest of their different Sentiments of the chiefest Good. But what if I make it appear that I also am the main Spring and Original of this Endearment? Yes, I can easily demonstrate it, and that not

by crabbed Syllogisms, or a crooked and unintelligible Way of Arguing, but can make it (as the Proverb goes) - *as plain as the Nose in your Face*. Well then, to scratch and curry one another, to wink at a Friend's Faults; nay, to cry up some Fallings for virtuous and commendable, is not this the next Door to the being a Fool? When One looking stedfastly in his Mistress's Face admires a Mole as much as a Beauty-Spot; when another swears his Lady's Stinking Breath is most redolent Perfume; and at another time the fond Parent hugs the Squint-eyed Child, and pretends it is rather a Becoming Glance and Winning Aspect than any Blemish of the Eye-Sight; what is all this but the very Height of Folly? Folly (I say) that both makes Friends, and keeps them so. I speak of Mortal Men only, among whom there are none but have some small Faults; he is most happy that has fewest. If we pass to the *Gods*, we shall find that they have so much of Wisdom, as they have very little of Friendship; nay, nothing of that which is true and hearty. The Reason why *Men* make a greater Improvement in this Virtue, is only because they are more Credulous and Easy-natur'd; for Friends must be of the same Humour and Inclinations too, or else the League of Amity, though made with never so many Protestations, will be soon broke. Thus grave and morose Men seldom prove fast Friends; they

they are too captious and censorious, and will not bear with one another's Infirmities; they are as Eagle-sighted as may be in the Espial of others Faults, while they wink upon themselves, and never mind the Beam in their own Eyes. In short, Man being by Nature so prone to Frailties, so Humoursome and Cross-grain'd, and so guilty of so many Slips and Miscarriages, there could be no firm Friendship contracted, except there be such an Allowance made for each other's Defaults, which the *Greeks* term *Eubhria*, and we may construe Good Nature, which is but another Word for Folly. And what? Is not *Cupid*, that first Father of all Relation, is not he stark Blind, that as he cannot himself distinguish of Colours, so he would make us as Mope-eyed in judging falsely of all Love-Concerns, and wheedle us into a Thinking that we are always in the Right? Thus every Jack sticks to his own Jill, every Tinker esteems his own Trull, and the Hob-nail'd Suitor prefers *Joan* the Milkmaid before any of my Lady's Daughters. These Things are true, and are ordinarily laugh'd at; and yet, however ridiculous they seem, it is hence only that all Societies receive their Cement and Consolidation.

THE same which has been said of Friendship is much more applicable to a *State of Marriage*, which is but the highest Advance and Improve-

ment of Friendship in the closest Bond of Union. Good God! What frequent Divorces, or worse Mischief, would oft sadly happen, except Man and Wife were so Discreet as to pass over light Occasions of Quarrel with Laughing, Jestings, Dissembling, and such like Playing the Fool? Nay, how few Matches would go forward, if the hasty Lover did but first know how many little Tricks of Lust and Wantonness (and perhaps more gross Failings) his Coy and seemingly Bashful Mistress had oft before been guilty of? And how fewer Marriages, when consummated, would continue happy, if the Husband were not either sottishly insensible of, or did not purposely wink at and pass over the Lightness and Forwardness of his Good-natur'd Wife? This Peace and Quietness is owing to my Management, for there would otherwise be continual Jarrs, and Broils, and Mad Doings, if want of Wit only did not at the same time make a contented Cuckold and a still House; if the *Cuckoo* Sing at the Back-door, the unthinking Cornute takes notice of the unlucky *Omen of other Eggs being laid in his own Nest*; but laughs it over, [FIG. X.] kisses his Dear Spouse, and all is well. And indeed it is much better patiently to be such a hen-peck'd Frigot, than always to be wrack'd and tortur'd with the grating Surmises of Suspicion and Jealousy. In fine, there is no one Society, no one Relation Men stand in, would

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would be comfortable, or indeed tolerable, without my Assistance; there could be no right Understanding betwixt Prince and People, Lord and Servant, Tutor and Pupil, Friend and Friend, Man and Wife, Buyer and Seller, or any Person however otherwise related, if they did not cowardly put up small Abuses, sneakingly Cringe and Submit, or after all fawningly Scratch and Flatter each other. This you'll say is much, but you shall yet hear what is more; tell me then, can any one love another that first hates himself? Is it likely any one should agree with a Friend that is first fallen out with his own Judgment? Or is it probable he should be any Way pleasing to another, who is a perpetual Plague and Trouble to himself? This is such a Paradox that none can be so mad as to maintain. Well, but if I am excluded and barr'd out, every Man would be so far from being able to bear with others that he would be Burdensome to himself, and consequently incapable of any Ease or Satisfaction. Nature, that toward some of her Products plays the Stepmother rather than the indulgent Parent, has endowed some Men with that unhappy Peevishness of Disposition, as to nauseate and dislike whatever is their own, and much admire what belongs to other Persons, so as they cannot in any wise enjoy what their Birth or Fortunes has bestowed upon them. For what Grace is there

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in the greatest Beauty, if it be always clouded with Frowns and Sullenness? Or what Vigour in Youth, if it be harrassed with a pettish, dogged, waspish, ill Humour? None sure. Nor indeed can there be any creditable Acquittment of our selves in any one Station of Life, but we should sink without Rescue into Misery and Despair, if we were not buoyed up and supported by *Self-Love*, which is but the Eldest Sister (as it were) of Folly, and her own constant Friend and Assistant. For what is or can be more Silly than to be Lovers and Admirers of our selves? And yet if it were not so there will be no relish to any Words or Actions. Take away this one Property of a Fool, and the Orator shall become as Dumb and Silent as the Pulpit he stands in; the Musician shall hang up his untoucht Instruments on the Wall; the compleatest Actors shall be hiss'd off the Stage; the Poet shall be burlesqu'd upon with his own doggrel Rhimes; the Painter shall himself vanish into an imaginary Landskip; and the Physician shall want Food more than his Patients do Physick. In short, without *Self-Love*, instead of Beautiful, you shall think your self an Old Beldam of Fourscore; instead of Youthful, you shall seem just dropping into the Grave; instead of Eloquent, a meer Stammerer; and in lieu of Gentile and Complaisant, you shall appear like a downright Country-Clown;

Clown; it being so necessary that every one should think well of himself before he can expect the Good Opinion of others. Finally, when it is the main and essential Part of Happiness to desire to be no other than what we already are; this Expedient is again wholly owing to *Self-Love*, which so flushes Men with a good Conceit of their own, that no one repents of his Shape, of his Wit, of his Education, or of his Country; so as the dirty half-drown'd *Hollander* would not remove into the Pleasant Plains of *Italy*, the rude *Thracian* would not change his Boggy Soil for the best Seat in *Athens*, nor the brutish *Scythian* quit his Thorny Deserts to become an Inhabitant of the *Fortunate Islands*. And Oh the incomparable Contrivance of Nature, who has ordered all Things in so even a Method, that where-ever she has been less Bountiful in her Gifts, there she makes it up with a larger Dose of *Self-Love*, which supplies the former Defects, and makes all even. To enlarge farther, I may well presume to aver, that there are no considerable Exploits performed, no useful Arts invented, but what I am the respective Author and Manager of: As first, what is more Lofly and Heroical than War? And yet, what is more Foolish than for some petty, trivial Affront to take such a Revenge as both Sides shall be sure to be Losers, and where the Quarrel must be decided at the

the Price of so many Limbs and Lives? And when they come to an Engagements, what Service can be done by such Pale-fac'd Students, as, by Drudging at the Oars of Wisdom, have spent all their Strength and Activity; No, the only Use is of blunt sturdy Fellows that have little of Wit, and so the more of Resolution; except you would make a Soldier of such another *Demosthenes* as threw down his Arms as soon as he came within Sight of the Enemy, and lost that Credit in the *Camp* which he gained in the *Pulpit*. But Counsel, Deliberation and Advice (say you) are very necessary for the Management of War: Very true, but not such Counsel as shall be prescribed by the strict Rules of Wisdom and Justice; for a Battle shall be more successfully fought by Serving-men, Porters, Bailiffs, Padders, Rogues, Goal-birds, and such like Tag-rags of Mankind, than by the most Accomplish'd Philosophers; which last, how unhappy they are in the Management of such Concerns, *Socrates* (by the Oracle adjudg'd to be the Wisest of Mortals) is a notable Example; who when he appeared in the Attempt of some publick Performance before the People, he faltered in the first Onset, and could never recover himself, but was houted and hissed Home again: Yet this Philosopher was the less a Fool for refusing the Appellation of Wise, and not accepting the Oracle's Complement; as also for
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advising that no Philosophers should have any Hand in the Government of the Commonwealth; he should have likewise at the same time added that they should be banished all Human Society. And what made this great Man poison himself to prevent the Malice of his Accusers? What made him the Instrument of his own Death, but only his Excessiveness of Wisdom? Whereby, while he was searching into the Nature of Clouds, while he was plodding and contemplating upon Idea's, while he was exercising his Geometry upon the Measure of a Flea, and diving into the Recesses of Nature for an Account how little Insects, when they were so small, could make so great a Buz and Hum; while he was intent upon these Fooleries, he minded nothing of the World, or its ordinary Concerns.

NEXT to *Socrates* comes his Scholar *Plato*, a Famous Orator indeed, that could be so dash'd out of Countenance by an Illiterate Rabble, as to Demur, and Hawk, and Hesitate, before he could get to the end of one short Sentence. *Theophrastus* was such another Coward, who beginning to make an Oration was presently struck down with Fear, as if he had seen some Ghost, or Hobgoblin. *Isocrates* was so Bashful and Timorous, that though he Taught Rhetorick, yet he could never have the Confidence to speak in Publick. *Cicero*, that Master of Ro-

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man Eloquence, was wont to begin his Speeches with a low quivering Voice, just like a *School-Boy*, afraid of not saying his Lesson perfect enough to escape *Whipping*: And yet *Fabius* commends this Property of *Tully* as an Argument of a considerate Orator, sensible of the Difficulty of acquitting himself with Credit: But what hereby does he more, than plainly confess that Wisdom is but a Rub and Impediment to the well Management of any Affair? How would these *Heroes* crouch and shrink into nothing, at the Sight of *drawn Swords*, that are thus quash'd and stunn'd at the Delivery of *bare Words*?

Now then let *Plato's* fine Sentence be cried up, that *Happy are those Commonwealths where either Philosophers are elected Kings, or Kings turn Philosophers*. Alas, this is so far from being true, that if we consult all Historians for an Account of past Ages, we shall find no Princes more Weak, nor any People more Slavish and Wretched, than where the Administration of Affairs fell on the Shoulders of some Learned Bookish Governor. Of the Truth whereof the Two *Cato's* are Exemplary Instances: The first of which Embroiled the City, and tired out the Senate by his tedious Harangues of defending himself, and accusing others; the younger was an unhappy Occasion of the Loss of the People's Liberty, while by improper Methods he pretendet

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tended to maintain it. To these may be added *Brutus*, *Cassius*, the two *Gracchi*, and *Cicero* himself, who was no less Fatal to *Rome*, than his Parallel *Demosthenes* was to *Athens*: As likewise *Marcus Antoninus*, whom we may allow to have been a good *Emperor*, yet the less such for his being a *Philosopher*; and certainly he did not do half that Kindness to his Empire by his own prudent Management of Affairs, as he did Mischief by leaving such a degenerate Successor as his Son *Commodus* proved to be. But it is a common Observation; that a *Wise Father* has many times a *Foolish Son*, Nature so contriving it, lest the Taint of Wisdom, like hereditary Distempers, should otherwise descend by Propagation. Thus *Tully's* Son *Marcus* though bred at *Athens*, proved but a dull, insipid Soul; and *Socrates's* Children had (as one ingeniously expresses it) *more of the Mother than the Father*, [FIG. XI.] a Phrase for their being Fools. However, it were the more excusable, tho' wise Men are so awkward and unhandy in the ordering of Publick Affairs, if they were not as bad or worse in the Management of their Ordinary and Domestick Concerns; but alas, here they are much to seek: For place a formal Wise Man at a *Feast*, and he shall, either by his morose Silence, put the whole Table out of Humour, or by his frivolous Questions disoblige and tire out all that sit near him. Call him out

to *Dance*, and he shall move no more nimbly than a Camel: Invite him to any Publick Performance, and by his very Looks he shall damp the Mirth of all the Spectators, and at last be forced, like *Cato*, to leave the *Theatre*, because he cannot unstarch his Gravity, nor put on a more pleasant Countenance. If he be engaged in any Discourse, he either breaks off abruptly, or tires out the Patience of the whole Company if he goes on: If he have any Contract, Sale, or Purchase to make, or any other wordly Business to transact, he behaves himself more like a senseless Stock than a Rational Man; so as he can be of no Use nor Advantage to himself, to his Friends, or to his Country, because he knows nothing how the World goes, and is wholly unacquainted with the Humour of the Vulgar, who cannot but hate a Person so disagreeing in Temper from themselves.

AND indeed the whole Proceedings of the World are nothing but one continued *Scene of Folly*, all the *Actors being* equally Fools and Mad-men; and therefore, if any be so pragmatically wise as to be singular, he must e'en turn a second *Timon*, or Man-hater, and, by retiring into some unfrequented Defart, become a *Recluse* from all Mankind.

BUT to return to what I first proposed: What was it in the Infancy of the World that made Men, naturally savage, unite into Civil Societies,

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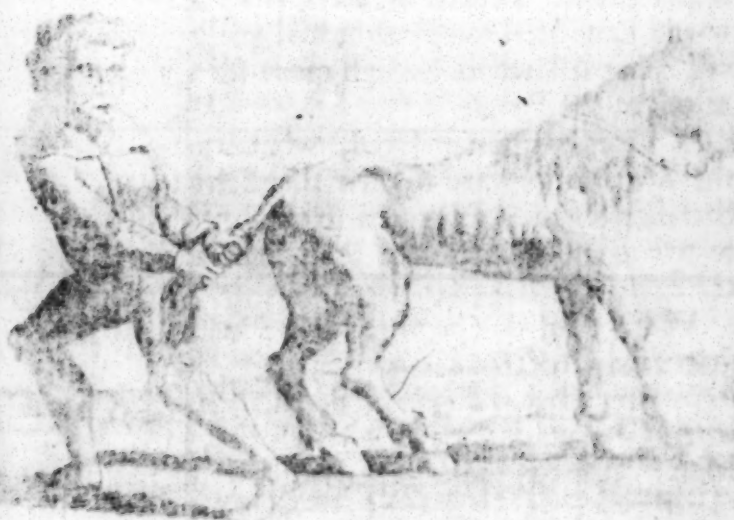
but only *Flattery*, one of the chiefeſt Virtues? For there is nothing elſe meant by the Fables of *Amphion* and *Orpheus* with their Harps; the firſt making the *Stones* jump into a well-built Wall, the other inducing the *Trees* to pull their Legs out of the Ground, and dance the *Morrice* after him. What was it that quieted and appeaſed the *Roman People*, when they brake out into a Riot for the Redreſs of Grievances? Was it any ſinewy, ſtarch'd Oration? No; alas, it was only a ſilly, ridiculous Story, told by *Menenius Agrippa*, how the other Members of the Body quarrell'd with the Belly, reſolving no longer to continue her drudging *Caterers*, till, by the Penance they thought thus in Revenge to impoſe, they ſoon found their own Strength ſo far diminifhed, that paying the Coſt of experiencing a Miſtake, they willingly returned to their reſpective Duties. Thus, when the Rabble of *Athens* murmured at the Exaction of Magiſtrates, *Themiftocles* ſatiſfied them with ſuch another Tale of the *Fox*, and the *Hedge-Hog*; the firſt whereof being ſtuck faſt in a Miry Bog, the Flies came ſwarving about him, and almoſt ſuck'd out all his Blood, the latter officiouſly offers his Service to drive them away: No, ſays the Fox, if theſe which are almoſt glutted be frighted off, there will come a new hungry Set that will be ten times more greedy and devouring: The Moral of this he meant.

applicable to the People, who if they had such Magistrates removed as they complained of for Extortion, yet their Successors would certainly be worse.

WITH what highest Advances of Policy could *Sertorius* have kept the *Barbarians* so well in Awe, as by a White Hart, which he pretended was presented to him by *Diana*, and brought him Intelligence of all his Enemies Designs? What was *Lycorgus's* Grand Argument for demonstrating the Force of Education, but only the bringing out two Whelps of the same Bitch, differently brought up, and placing before them a Dish, and a live Hare; the one, that had been bred to Hunting, ran after the Game, while the other, whose Kennel had been a Kitchen, presently fell a licking the Platter. Thus the before-mentioned *Sertorius* made his Soldiers sensible that Wit and Contrivance would do more than bare Strength, by setting a couple of Men to the plucking off two Horses Tails; the first, pulling at all in one Handful, tugged in vain, while the other, though much the weaker, snatching off one by one, soon performed his appointed Task. [FIG. XII.].

INSTANCES of like Nature are *Minos*, and King *Numa*, both which fooled the People into Obedience by a mere Cheat and Juggle; the first pretending he was advised by *Jupiter*,
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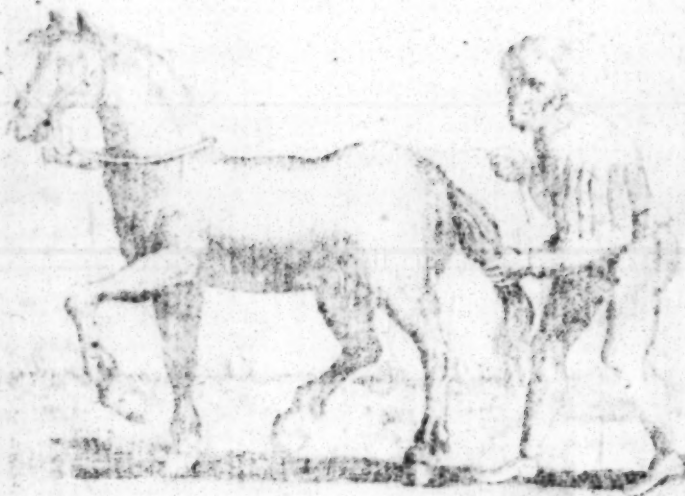
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the latter by making the Vulgar believe he had the *Goddeſs Ægeria* aſſiſtant to him in all Debates and Tranſactions. And indeed it is by ſuch Wheedles that the common People are beſt gull'd and impoſed upon.

FOR farther, what City would ever ſubmit to the rigorous Laws of *Plato*, to the ſevere Injunctions of *Ariſtotle*, or the more unpracticable Tenets of *Socrates*? No, theſe would have been too ſtreight and gauling, there not being Allowance enough made for the Infirmities of the People.

To paſs to another Head, what was it made the *Decii* ſo forward to offer themſelves up as a Sacrifice for an Atonement to the angry Gods, to reſcue and ſtipulate for their indebted Country?

WHAT made *Curtius*, on a like Occaſion, deſperately to throw away his Life, but only *Vain-glory*, that is condemn'd, and unanimouſly voted for a main Branch of Folly by all Wiſe Men? What is more unreaſonable and ſoppish, (ſay they) than for any Man, out of Ambition to ſome Office, to bow, and ſcrape, and cringe to the gaping Rabble, to purchaſe their Favour by Bribes and Donatives, to have their Names cry'd up in the Streets, to be carry'd about as it were for a fine Sight upon the Shoulders of the Crowd, to have their *Effigies* carved in Braſs, and put up in the Market-place for a

Monument of their Popularity? Add to this the Affectation of new Titles and distinctive Badges of Honour; nay, the very Deifying of such as were the most Bloody Tyrants. These are so extremely ridiculous, that there is need of more than one *Democritus* to laugh at 'em: And yet hence only have been occasion'd those Memorable Atchievements of Heroes, that have so much employ'd the Pens of many laborious Writers.

It is *Folly* that, in a several Dress, governs Cities, appoints Magistrates, and supports Judicatures; and, in short, makes the whole Course of a Man's Life a mere Childrens Play, and a worse than Push-pin Diversion. The Invention of all *Arts* and *Sciences* are likewise owing to the same Cause: For what sedentary, thoughtful Men would have beat their Brains in the Search of new and unheard-of Mysteries, if not egg'd on by the bubbling Hopes of Credit and Reputation? They think a little glittering Flash of Vain-glory is a sufficient Reward for all their Sweat, and Toil, and tedious Drudgery, while they that are supposedly more foolish reap Advantage of the others Labours.

AND now, since I have made good my Title to *Valour* and *Industry*, what if I challenge an equal Share of *Wisdom*? How! This (you'll say) is absurd and contradictory; the East and West may as soon shake Hands, as *Folly* and *Wisdom*.

Wisdom be reconciled. Well, but have a little Patience, and I'll warrant you I'll make out my Claim. First then, if *Wisdom* (as must be confess'd) is no more than a Readiness of doing Good, and an expedite Method of becoming serviceable to the World, to whom does this Virtue more properly belong? To the Wise Man, who, partly out of Modesty, partly out of Cowardise, can proceed resolutely in no Attempt; or to the Fool, that goes Hand over Head, Leaps before he Looks, and so ventures thro' the most hazardous Undertaking, without any Sense or Prospect of Danger. In the Undertaking any Enterprize the Wise Man shall run to consult with his Books, and doze himself with poring upon musty Authors; while the dispatchful Fool shall rush bluntly on, and have done the Business, while the other is thinking of it. For the two greatest Letts and Impediments to the Issue of any Performance are *Modesty*, which casts a Mist before Mens Eyes, and *Fear*, which makes them shrink back, and recede from any Proposal: Both these are Banish'd and Cashier'd by *Folly*, and, in their stead, such a Habit of *Fool-hardiness* introduc'd, as mightily contributes to the Success of all Enterprizes.

FARTHER, if you will have *Wisdom* taken in the other Sense, of being a right Judgment of Things, you shall see how short Wise Men fall of it in this Acceptation.

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FIRST then, it is certain that all Things, like so many *Janus's*, carry a double Face, or rather bear a false Aspect, most Things being *really* in themselves far different from what they are in Appearance to others: So as that, which at first Blush proves Alive, is in truth Dead; and that again, which appears as Dead, at a nearer Review, proves to be Alive: Beautiful seems Ugly, Wealthy Poor, Scandalous is thought Creditable, Prosperous passes for Unlucky, Friendly for what is most opposite, and Innocent for what is Hurtful and Pernicious. In short, if we change the Tables, all Things are found placed in a quite different Posture from what just before they appear'd to stand in.

If this seem too darkly and unintelligibly express'd, I'll explain it by the familiar Instance of some Great King or Prince, whom every one shall suppose to swim in the Luxury of Wealth, and to be a Powerful Lord and Master; when, alas, on the one hand he has Poverty of Spirit enough to make him a mere Beggar, and on the other side he is worse than a Galley-slave to his own Lusts and Passions.

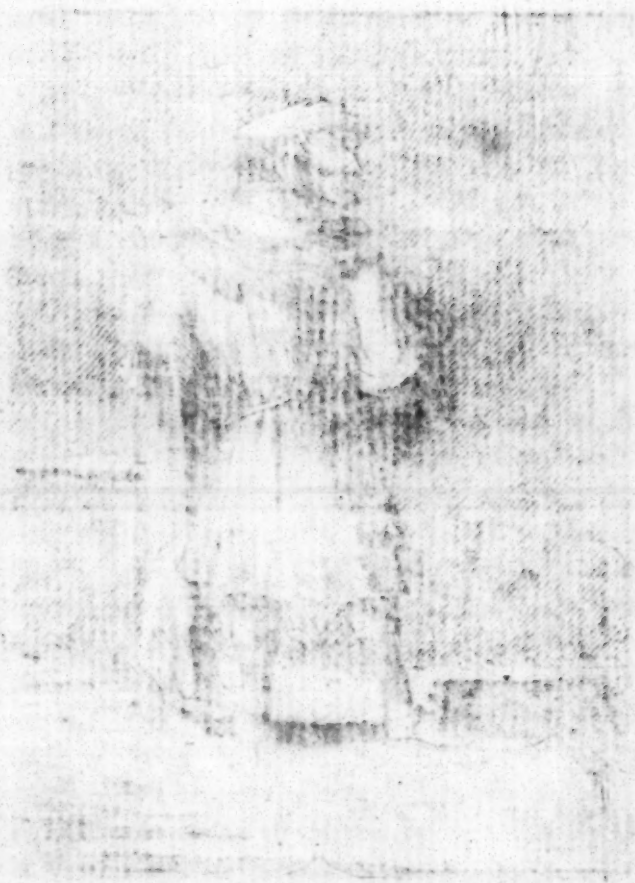
If I had a mind farther to expatiate, I could enlarge upon several Instances of the like Nature; but this one may at present suffice.

WELL, but what's the Meaning (will some say) of all this? Why, observe the Application.

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tion. If any one in a Play-house be so impertinent and rude as to rifle the Actors of their borrow'd Cloaths, make them lay down the Character assum'd, and force them to return to their Naked Selves, would not such a one wholly discompose and spoil the Entertainment? And wou'd he not deserve to be hiss'd and thrown Stones at, till the Pragmatical Fool could learn better Manners? For by such a Disturbance the whole Scene will be alter'd: Such, as acted the *Men*, will perhaps appear to be *Women*: He, that was dress'd up for a *Young Brisk Lover*, will be found a rough *Old Fellow*; and he, that represented a *King*, will remain but a mean ordinary *Serving-man*. The laying Things thus open is Marring all the Sport, which consists only in Counterfeit and Disguise. Now the World is nothing else but such another *Comedy*, where every one in the Tire-room is first Habited suitably to the Part he is to act; and, as it is successively their Turn, out they come on the Stage, where he, that now Personates a *Prince*, [FIG. XIII.] shall in another Part of the same Play alter his Dress, and become a *Beggar*; all Things being in a Mask and particular Disguise, or otherwise the *Play* could never be presented. Now if there should arise any Starch'd Formal *Don*, that would point at the several Actors, and tell how This, that seems a Petty-God, is in truth worse

worse than a Brute, being made Captive to the Tyranny of Passion; that the Other, who bears the Character of a King, is indeed the most slavish of Serving-men, in being subject to the Mastership of Lust and Sensuality; that a Third, who vaunts so much of his Pedigree, is no better than a Bastard for degenerating from Virrue, which ought to be of greatest Consideration in Heraldry, and so shall go on in Exposing all the rest; would not any one think such a Person quite Frantick, and ripe for Bedlam? For, as nothing is more silly than Preposterous Wisdom; so is there nothing more indiscreet than an Unreasonable Reproof. And therefore he is to be houted out of all Society that will not be pliable, conformable, and willing to suit his Humour with other Mens, remembering the Law of Clubs and Meetings, that he, who will not do as the rest, must get him out of the Company. And it is certainly one great Degree of Wisdom for every one to consider that he is but a *Man*, and therefore he should not pitch his soaring Thoughts beyond the Level of *Mortality*, but imp the Wings of his tow'ring Ambition and obligingly submit and condescend to the Weakness of others, it being many times a Piece of Complaisance to go out of the Road for Company's Sake. No (say you) this is a grand Piece of *Folly*: True; but yet

yet all our Living is no more than such kind of Fooling: Which, though it may seem harsh to assert, yet it is not so strange as true.

FOR the better making it out it might perhaps be requisite to invoke the Aid of the *Muses*, to whom the Poets devoutly apply themselves upon far more slender Occasions. Come then and assist, ye *Heliconian Lasses*, while I attempt to prove, that there is no Method for an Arrival to Wisdom, and consequently no Track to the Goal of Happiness, without the Instructions and Directions of *Folly*.

AND here, in the first place, it has been already acknowledged, that all the Passions are listed under my Regiment, since This is resolved to be the only Distinction betwixt a Wise Man and a Fool, That this latter is govern'd by Passion, the other guided by Reason: And therefore the Stoicks look upon Passions no other than the Infection and Malady of the Soul, that disorders the Constitution of the whole Man, and, by putting the Spirits into a Feverish Ferment, many times occasion some Mortal Distemper. And yet these, however decried, are not only our Tutors to instruct us toward the Attainment of Wisdom, but e'en bolden us likewise, and spur us on to a quicker Dispatch of all our Undertakings. This, I suppose, will be stomach'd by the Stoical *Seneca*, who pretends, that the
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only Emblem of Wisdom is *the Man without Passion*; whereas the supposing any Person to be so, is perfectly to Unman him, or else Transforming him into some fabulous Deity, that never was, nor ever will be; nay, to speak more plain, it is but the making him a meer *Statue*, immoveable, senseless, and altogether unactive. And if this be their wise Man, let them take him to themselves, and remove him into *Plato's Commonwealth*, the new *Atlantis*, or some other-like Fairy-land: For who would not hate and avoid such a Person, as should be deaf to all the Dictates of common Sense? That should have no more of Love or Pity, than a Block or Stone? That remains heedless of all Dangers? That thinks he can never mistake, but can foresee all Contingencies at the greatest Distance, and make Provision for the worst Presages? That feeds upon himself, and his own Thoughts? That Monopolizes Health, Wealth, Power, Dignity, and all to himself? That loves no Man, nor is beloved of any? That has the Impudence to Tax even Divine Providence of ill Contrivance; and proudly grudges, nay, tramples under Foot all other Men's Reputation? And this is he that is the Stoick's compleat Wise Man. But prithee what City would chuse such a Magistrate? What Army would be willing to serve under such a Commander? Or what Woman

would

would be content with such a Do-little Husband? Who would invite such a Guest? Or what Servant would be retained by such a Master? The most illiterate Mechanick would in all respects be a more acceptable Man, who would be frolicksome with his Wife, free with his Friends, jovial at a Feast, pliable in Converse, and obliging to all Company. But I am tired out with this Part of my Subject, and so must pass to some *other Topicks*.

AND now were any one plac'd on that Tower, from whence *Jove* is fancied by the Poets to Survey the World, he would all around discern how many Grievances and Calamities our whole Life is on every Side encompassed with: How Unclean our Birth, how Troublesome our Tendance in the Cradle, how liable our Childhood is to a Thousand Misfortunes, how Toilsome and full of Drudgery our Riper Years, how Heavy and Uncomfortable our Old-age, and lastly, how Unwelcome the Unavoidableness of Death. Farther, in every Course of Life how many Racks there may be of torturing Diseases, how many unhappy Accidents may casually occur, how many unexpected Disasters may arise, and what strange Alterations may one Moment produce? Not to mention such Miseries as Men are mutually the Cause of, as Poverty, Imprisonment, Slander, Reproach, Revenge, Treachery, Malice,

lice, Coufenance, Deceit, and fo many more, as to reckon them all would be as puzzling Arithmetick as the numbring of the Sands.

How Mankind became environed with fuch hard Circumftances, or what Deity impofed thefe Plagues, as a Penance on rebellious Mortals, I am not now at Leifure to enquire : But whofoever ferioufly takes them into Confideration, he muft needs commend the Valour of the *Milefian Virgins*, who voluntarily kill'd themfelves to get rid of a troublefome World : And how many Wife Men have took the fame Courfe of Becoming their own Executioners ; among whom, not to mention *Diogenes*, *Xenocrates*, *Cato*, *Caffius*, *Brutus*, and other Heroes, the Self-denying *Chiron* is never enough to be commended ; who, when he was offered by *Apollo* the Privilege of being exempted from Death, and living on to the World's End, refufed the Enticing Propofal, as defervedly thinking it a Punifhment rather than a Reward.

BUT if all were thus Wife you fee how foon the World would be Unpeopled, and what need there would be of a fecond *Prometheus*, to Plaifter up the Decayed Image of Mankind. I therefore come and ftand in this Gap of Danger, and prevent farther Mifchief ; partly by Ignorance, partly by Inadvertence ; by the Oblivion of whatever would be grating to remember,
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and the Hopes of whatever may be grateful to expect, palliating together all griefs with an Intermixture of Pleasure; whereby I make Men so far from being weary of their Lives, that when their Thread is spun to its full Length, they are yet unwilling to die, and mighty hardly brought to take their last farewell of their Friends. Thus some Decrepit Old Fellows, that look as hollow as the *Grave* into which they are falling, that rattle in the Throat at every Word they speak, that can eat no Meat but what is tender enough to *suck*, that have more Hair on their *Beard* than they have on their *Head*, [FIG. XIV.] and go stooping toward the *Dust* they must shortly return to, whose Skin seems already drest into *Parchment*, and their Bones already dried to a *Skeleton*; these Shadows of Men shall be wonderful Ambitious of living longer, and therefore fence off the Attacks of Death with all imaginable Sights and Impostures: One shall *new Dye* his Grey Hairs for fear the Colour should betray his Age; another shall spruce himself up in a light *Periwig*; a Third shall repair the Loss of his Teeth with an *Ivory Sett*; and a Fourth perhaps shall fall deeply in *Love* with a Young Girl, and accordingly Court her with as much of Gaiety and Briskness as the liveliest Spark in the whole Town: And we can't but know, that for an Old Man to Marry a Young Wife without a

Portion, to be a *Cooler* to other Men's Lust, is grown so common, that it is become an *Alamode* of the Times. And what's yet more Comical, you shall have some wrinkled Old Women, [FIG. XV.] whose very Looks are a sufficient Antidote to Leachery, that shall be canting out, *Ah, Life is a sweet Thing*, and so run a Catterwawling, and hire some strong back'd Stallions to recover their almost lost Sense of Feeling; and to set themselves off the better, they shall paint and dawb their Faces, always stand and tricking up themselves at their Looking-glass, go naked-neck'd, bare-breasted, be tickled at a smutty Jest, dance among the Young Girls, write Love-Letters, and do all other little Knacks of decoying Hot-blooded Suitors; and in the mean while, however they are laught at, they enjoy themselves to the full, live up to their Heart's Desire, and want for nothing that may compleat their Happiness. As for those that think them herein so ridiculous, I would have them give an Ingenuous Answer to this One Query, Whether, if Folly or Hanging were left to their Choice, they had not much rather live like *Fools*, than die like *Dogs*? But what Matter is it if these Things are resented by the Vulgar? Their ill Word is no Injury to Fools, who are either altogether insensible of any Affront, or at least lay it not much to Heart. If they were knock'd on the Head, or
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Fig. 15. p. 52.



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had their Brains dash'd out, they would have some Cause to complain ; but alas, Slander, Calumny and Disgrace, are no other Way Injurious than as they are Interpreted ; nor otherwise Evil, than as they are thought to be so : What Harm is it then if all Persons deride and scoff you, if you bear but up in your own Thoughts, and be your self thoroughly conceited of your Deserts ? And prithee, why should it be thought any Scandal to be a Fool, since the being so is one Part of our Nature and Essence ; and, as so, our not being Wise can no more reasonably be imputed as a Fault, than it would be proper to laugh at a Man because he cannot fly in the Air like Birds and Fowls ; because he goes not on all Four as Beasts of the Field ; because he does not wear a Pair of visible Horns as a Crest on his Forehead, like Bulls or Stags : By the same Figure we may call a Horse unhappy, because he was never taught his Grammar ; and an Ox miserable, for that he never learnt to Fence : But sure as a Horse, for not knowing a Letter, is never the less valuable ; so a Man, for being a Fool, is never the more unfortunate, it being by Nature and Providence so ordained for each.

AY, but (say our Patrons of Wisdom) the Knowledge of Arts and Sciences is purposely attainable by Men, that the Defect of *Natural* Parts may be supplied by the help of *Acquired* :

As if it were probable that Nature, which had been so exact and curious in the Mechanism of Flowers, Herbs, and Flies, should have bungled most in her Master-piece, and made Man, as it were by Halves, to be afterward Polished and Refined by his own Industry, in the Attainment of such Sciences as the *Egyptians* feigned were invented by their God *Theuth*, as a Plague sure, and Punishment to Mankind, being so far from augmenting their Happiness, that they do not answer that End they were first designed for, which was the *Improvement of Memory*, as *Plato* in his *Phædrus* does wittily observe.

IN the first Golden-age of the World, there was no need of these Perplexities; there was then no other Sort of Learning but what was naturally Collected from every Man's common *Sense*, improved by an easy *Experience*. What Use could there have been of *Grammar*, when all Men spoke the same Mother-Tongue, and aimed at no higher Pitch of Oratory, than barely to be understood by each other? What need of *Logick*, when they were too Wise to enter into any Dispute? Or what occasion for *Rhetorick*, where no Difference arose to require any laborious Decision? And as little Reason had they to be tied up by any Laws, since the Dictates of Nature and common Morality were restraint and Obligation sufficient: And as to all the Mysteries of Providence, they made them rather

rather the Object of their Wonder, than of their Curiosity ; and therefore were not so presumptuous as to dive into the Depths of Nature, to labour for the solving all *Phænomena's* in Astronomy, or to wrack their Brain in the splitting of Entities, and unfolding the nicest Speculations, judging it a Crime for any Man to aim at what is put beyond the reach of his shallow Apprehension.

THUS was *Ignorance*, in the Infancy of the World, as much the Parent of *Happiness* as it has been since of *Devotion* : But as soon as the Golden-age began by degrees to degenerate into more drossy Metals, then were *Arts* likewise invented ; yet at first but few in Number, and those rarely understood, till in farther Process of Time the Superstition of the *Chaldeans*, and the Curiosity of the *Grecians*, spawn'd so many Subtilties, that now it is scarce the Work of an *Age* to be thoroughly acquainted with all the Criticisms in *Grammar* only. And among all the several Arts, those are proportionably most esteemed, of that come nearest to Weakness and Folly. For thus Divines may bite their Nails, and Naturalists may blow their Fingers, Astrologers may know their own Fortune is to be Poor, and the Logician may shut his Fist, and grasp the Wind,

Solus iactans an̄h̄r πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων,

While

While all these hard-nam'd Fellows cannot make so great a Figure as a single Quack. [FIG. XVI.] And in this Profession, those that have most Confidence, though the least Skill, shall be sure of the greatest Custom; and indeed this whole Art, as it is now practis'd, is but one Incorporated Compound of Craft and Imposture.

NEXT to the *Physician* comes (he, who perhaps will commence a Suit with me for not being plac'd before him, I mean) the *Lawyer*, who is so silly as to be *Ignoramus* to a Proverb, and yet by such are all Difficulties resolv'd, all Controversies determin'd, and all Affairs managed, so much to their own Advantage, that they get those Estates to themselves which they are employ'd to recover for their Clients: While the Poor Divine in the mean time shall have the Lice crawl upon his thread-bare Gown, before, by all his Sweat and Drudgery, he can get Money enough to purchase a new one. As those Arts therefore are most advantageous to their respective Professors which are farthest distant from Wisdom; so are those Persons incomparably most happy that have least to do with any at all, but jog on in the common Road of Nature, which will never mislead us, except we voluntarily leap over those Boundaries which she has cautiously set to our finite Beings. Nature glitters most in her own plain, homely Garb, and then gives the greatest Lustre

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tre when she is unfulfilled from all Artificial Garnish.

THUS, if we inquire into the State of all Dumb Creatures, we shall find those fare best that are left to Nature's Conduct : As to instance in *Bees*, what is more to be admired than the Industry and Contrivance of these little Animals? What Architect could ever form so curious a Structure as they give a Model of in their unimitable Combs? What Kingdom can be Governed with better Discipline than they exactly observe in their respective Hives? While the *Horse*, by turning a Rebel to Nature, and becoming a Slave to Man, undergoes the worst of Tyranny : He is sometimes spur'd on to Battle so long till he draws his Guts after him for Trapping, and at last falls down, and bites the Ground instead of Grass ; not to mention the Penalty of his Jaws being curbed, his Tail dock'd, his Back wrung, his Sides spur-gall'd, his close Imprisonment in a Stable, his Rapshin and Fetters when he runs a Grass, and a great many other Plagues, which he might have avoided if he had kept to that first Station of Freedom which Nature plac'd him in. How much more desirable is the unconfined Range of *Flies* and *Birds*, who, living by Instinct, would want nothing to compleat their Happiness, if some well-employed *Domitian* would not persecute the former, nor the fly Fowler lay Snares and

and Gins for the intrapping of the other ? And if young Birds, before their unfledg'd Wings can carry them from their Nests, are caught, and pent up in a Cage, for the being taught to Sing, or Whistle, all their new *Tunes* make not half so sweet Musick as their wild *Notes*, and natural *Melody* : So much does that which is but rough-drawn by Nature surpass and excel all the additional Paint and Varnish of Art. And we cannot sure but commend and admire that *Pythagorean* Cock, which (as *Lucian* relates) had been successively a Man, a Woman, a Prince, a Subject, a Fish, a Horse, and a Frog ; after all his Experience he summ'd up his Judgment in this Censure, that Man was the most wretched and deplorable of all Creatures, all other patiently grazing within the Enclosures of Nature, while Man only broke out, and strayed beyond those safer Limits, which he was justly confined to. And *Gryllus* is to be adjudged wiser than the much-counselling *Ulysses*, in as much as when by the Incantment of *Circe* he had been turned into a *Hog*, he wouldnot lay down his Swinishness, nor forsake his beloved Stie, to run the Peril of a Hazardous Voyage. For a farther Confirmation whereof I have the Authority of *Homer*, that Captain of all Poetry, who, as he gives to Mankind in general the Epithet of *Wretched* and *Unhappy*, so he bestows

in

in particular upon *Ulysses* the Title of *Miserable*, which he never attributes to *Paris*, *Ajax*, *Achilles*, or any other of the Commanders ; and that for this Reason, because *Ulysses* was more Crafty, Cautious, and Wise, than any of the rest.

As those therefore fall shortest of Happiness that reach highest at Wisdom, meeting with the greater Repulse for soaring beyond the Boundaries of their Nature, and without remembering themselves to be but Men, like the fallen Angels, daring them to vye with Omnipotence, and Giant-like scale Heaven with the Engines of their own Brain ; so are those most exalted in the Road of Bliss that degenerate nearest into *Brutes*, and quietly divest themselves of all Use and Exercise of Reason.

AND this we can prove by a familiar Instance. As namely, can there be any one Sort of Men that enjoy themselves better than those which we call Idiots, Changelings, Fools, and Naturals ? It may perhaps sound harsh, but upon due Consideration it will be found abundantly true, that these Persons in all Circumstances fare best, and live most comfortably : As first, they are void of all Fear, which is a very great Privilege to be exempted from ; they are troubled with no Remorse nor Pricks of Conscience ; they are not frightened with any Bugbear Stories of another World ; they startle not

not at the fancied Appearance of Ghosts, or Apparitions; they are not rack'd with the Dread of impending Mischiefs, nor bandied with the Hopes of any expected Enjoyments: In short, they are unassaulted by all those Legions of Cares that war against the Quiet of Rational Souls; they are ashamed of nothing, fear no Man, banish the Uneasiness of Ambition, Envy, and Love; and, to add the Reversion of a future Happiness to the Enjoyment of a present one, they have no Sin neither to answer for; *Divines* unanimously maintaining, that a gross and unavoidable *Ignorance* does not only extenuate and abate from the Aggravation, but wholly expiate the Guilt of any *Immortality*.

COME now then as many of you as challenge the Respect of being accounted *Wise*, ingenuously confess how many Insurrections of rebellious Thoughts, and Pangs of a labouring Mind, ye are perpetually thrown and tortur'd with; reckon up all those Inconveniences that you are unavoidably subject to, and then tell me whether *Fools*, by being exempted from all these Embroilments, are not infinitely more free and happy than your selves? Add to this, that *Fools* do not barely Laugh, and Sing, and Play the Good Fellow, alone to themselves; but as it is the Nature of *Good*, to be *communicative*, so they impart their Mirth to others, by making

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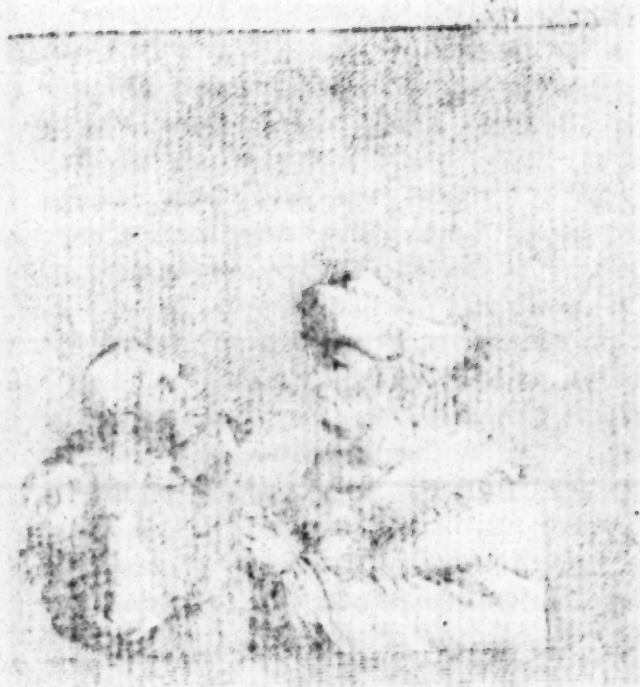


Fig. 17. p. 61.



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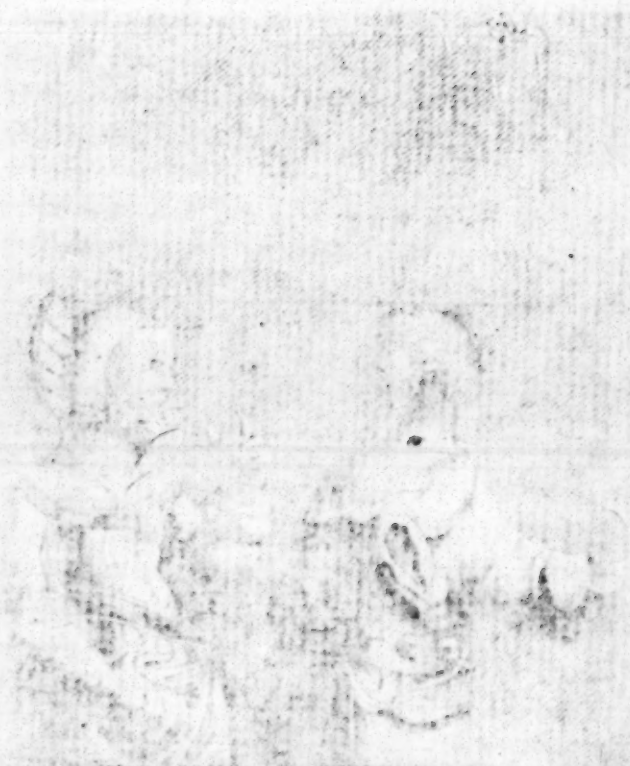
ing Sport for the whole Company they are at any time engaged in, as if Providence purpose-ly design'd them for an Antidote to Melancholy : Whereby they make all Persons so fond of their Society, that they are welcomed to all Places, hugg'd, caress'd, and defended, a Liberty given them of saying or doing any thing ; so well Beloved, that none dares to offer them the least Injury ; nay, the most ravenous Beasts of Prey will pass them by untouch'd, as if by Instinct they were warned that such Innocence ought to receive no hurt. [FIG. XVII.] Farther, their Converse is so acceptable in the Courts of Princes, that few Kings will Banquet, Walk, or take any other Diversiion, without their Attendance ; nay, and had much rather have their Company, than that of their gravest Counsellors, whom they maintain more for Fashion-sake than Good-will ; nor is it so strange, that these *Fools* should be preferr'd before graver Politicians, since these last, by their harsh, sowre Advice, and ill-timing the Truth, are fit only to put a Prince out of Humour, while the others Laugh, and Talk, and Joke, without any Danger of disobliging.

It is one farther very commendable Property of *Fools*, that they always speak the *Truth*, than which there is nothing more Noble and Heroical. For so, tho' *Plato* relate it as a Sentence of *Alcibiades*, That in the Sea of Drunkenness

kenness Truth swims uppermost, and so Wine is the only Teller of Truth, yet this Character may more justly be assumed by me, as I can make good from the Authority of *Euripides*, who lays down this as an Axiom, *μωρὰ μωρὸς λέγει*, *Children and Fools always speak the Truth*. Whatever the *Fool* has in his Heart, he betrays it in his Face; or what is more notifying, discovers it by his Words: While the *Wise Man*, as *Euripides* observes, carries a Double Tongue; the one to speak what *may* be said, the other what *ought* to be; the one what *Truth*, the other what the *Time* requires: Whereby he can in a trice so alter his Judgment, as to prove that to be no White, which he had just before swore to be Black; like the Satyr at his Porridge, blowing hot and cold at the same Breath; in his *Lips* professing one Thing, when in his *Heart* he means another.

FARTHERMORE, Princes in their greatest Splendor seem upon this Account unhappy, in that they miss the Advantage of being told the Truth, and are sham'd off by a parcel of insinuating Courtiers, that acquit themselves as Flatterers more than as Friends. But some will perchance object, that Princes do not love to hear the Truth, and therefore *Wise Men* must be very cautious how they behave themselves before them, lest they should take too great a Liberty in speaking what is *true*, rather than
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what is *acceptable*. This must be confess'd, Truth indeed is seldom palatable to the Ears of Kings, yet *Fools* have so great a Privilege as to have free leave, not only to speak *bare* Truths, but the most *bitter* ones too : So as the same Reproof, which, had it come from the Mouth of a *Wise Man*, would have cost him his Head, being blurted out by a *Fool*, is not only pardon'd, but well taken and rewarded. For Truth has naturally a Mixture of Pleasure, if it carry with it nothing of Offence to the Person whom it is applied to ; and the happy Knack of ordering it so is bestowed only on *Fools*. 'Tis for the same Reason that this Sort of Men are more fondly beloved by Women, [FIG. XVIII.] who like their tumbling them about, and playing with them, though never so boisterously, pretending to take that only in Jest, which they would have to be meant in Earnest, as that Sex is very Ingenious in palliating, and dissembling the Bent of their wanton Inclinations.

BUT to return : An Additional Happiness of these *Fools* appears farther in this, that when they have run merrily on to their last Stage of Life, they neither find any Fear, nor feel any Pain to *die*, but march contentedly to the other World, where their Company sure must be as acceptable as it was here upon Earth.

LET us draw now to a Comparison between

the Condition of a *Fool* and that of a *Wise Man*, and see how infinitely the one outweighs the other.

GIVE me any Instance then of a Man as Wise as you can fancy him possible to be, that has spent all his Younger Years in poring upon Books, and trudging after Learning; in the Pursuit whereof he squanders away the pleasant Time of his Life in Watching, Sweat and Fasting; and in his latter Days he never tastes one Mouthful of Delight, but is always stingy, poor, dejected, melancholy, burthensome to himself, and unwelcome to others; pale, lean, thin-jaw'd, sickly, contracting by his Seditariness such hurtful Distempers as bring him to an untimely Death, like Roses pluck'd before they shatter. Thus have you the Draught of a *Wise Man's* Happiness, more the Object of a commiserating Pity, than of an ambitioning Envy.

BUT now again come the croaking Stoicks, and tell me in Mood and Figure, That nothing is more miserable than the being Mad: But the being a *Fool* is the being Mad, therefore there is nothing more miserable than the being a *Fool*. Alas, this is but a Fallacy, the Discovery whereof solves the Force of the whole Syllogism. Well then, they argue subtilly, 'tis true; but as *Socrates* in *Plato* makes Two *Venus's* and Two *Cupids*, and shews how their Actions and Properties

perities ought not to be confounded; so these Disputants if they had not been Mad themselves, should have distinguish'd between a double Madness in others: And there is certainly a great Difference in the Nature as well as in the Degrees of them, and they are not both equally scandalous: For *Horace* seems to take Delight in one Sort when he says,

————— *An me ludit amabilis*
Insania? —————

Does welcome Frenzy make me thus mistake?

And *Plato* in his *Phædron* ranks the Madness of Poets, of Prophets, and of Lovers, among those Properties which conduce to a Happy Life. And *Virgil*, in his Sixth *Æneid*, gives this Epithet to his industrious *Æneas*,

Quod si —————
————— *Insano juvat indulgere labori:*

If you'll proceed to these, your Mad, Attempts.

And indeed there is a twofold Sort of Madness; the one that which the Furies bring from Hell; those that are herewith possess'd are hurried on to Wars and Contentions, by an insatiable Thirst of Power and Riches, inflamed

to some infamous and unlawful Lust, intraged to act the Parricide, seduced to become guilty of Incest, Sacrilege, or some other of those Crimson-dy'd Crimes; or, finally, to be so prick'd in Conscience as to be lash'd and stung with the Whips and Snakes of Grief and Remorse. But there is another Sort of Madness that proceeds from Folly; so far from being any way injurious or distasteful, that it is thoroughly good and desirable: And this happens when by a harmless Mistake in the Judgment of Things the Mind is freed from those Cares which would otherwise gratingly afflict it, and smooth'd over with a Content and Satisfaction it could not under other Circumstances so happily enjoy. And this is that comfortable Apathy or Insensibleness which *Cicero*, in an Epistle to his Friend *Atticus*, wishes himself Master of, that he might the less take to Heart those insufferable Outrages committed by the Tyrannizing Triumvirate, *Lepidus*, *Antonius*, and *Augustus*. That *Grecian* likewise had a happy Time of it, who was so frantick as to sit a whole Day in the empty Theatre laughing, shouting, and clapping his Hands, as if he had really seen some Pathetick Tragedy acted to the Life; when indeed all was no more than the Strength of Imagination, and the Efforts of Delusion; while in all other respects the same Person behaved

him-

himself very discretely, was

*Jucundus amicis,
Comis in uxorem, possetque ignoscere servis,
Et signo læsæ non insanire lagenæ.*

Sweet to his Friends, to's Wife obliging, kind,
And so averse from a revengeful Mind,
That had his Men unseal'd his Bottled Wine,
He wou'd not fret, nor doggedly repine.

And when by a Course of Phyfick he was recover'd from this Frenzy, he look'd upon his Cure so far from a *Kindness*, that he thus reasons the Case with his Friends;

*Pol me occidistis amici,
Non servastis, — cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*

This Remedy, my Friends, is worse i' th' main }
Than the Disease, the Cure augments the Pain; }
My only Hopes, is a Relapse again. }

And certainly they were the more Mad of the Two, who endeavour'd to bereave him of so pleasing a *Delirium*, and recal all the Aches of his Head by dispelling the Mists of his Brains.

I have not yet determin'd whether it be
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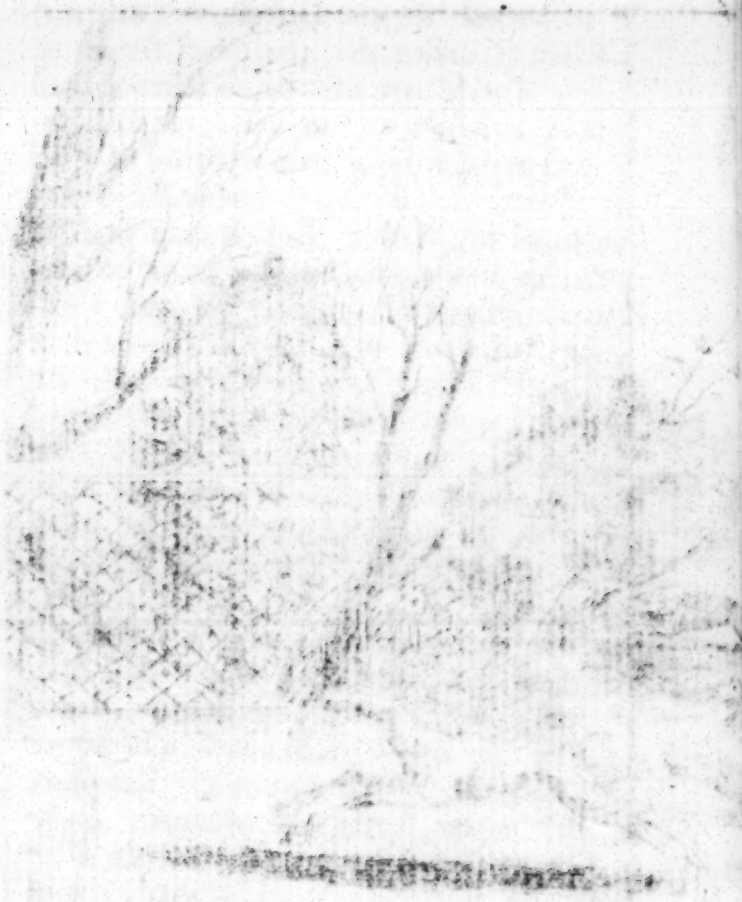
proper to include all the Defects of Sense and Understanding under the common *Genus* of Madness. For if any one be so short-sighted as to take a Mule for an Ass; or shallow-pated, as to admire a paltry Ballad for an elegant Poem, he is not thereupon immediately censured as Mad : But if any one let not only his Senses but his Judgment be imposed upon in the most ordinary common Concerns, he shall come under the the Scandal of being thought next Door to a Madman. As suppose, any one should hear an Ass bray, and should take it for ravishing Musick ; - or if any one, Born a Beggar, should fancy himself as Great as a Prince, or the like. But this Sort of Madness, if (as is most usual) it be accompanied with Pleasure, brings a great Satisfaction both to those who are possess'd with it themselves, and those who deride it in others, tho' they are not both equally Frantick. And this *Species* of Madness is of larger Extent than the World commonly imagines. Thus the whole Tribe of Madmen make Sport among themselves, while one laughs at another ; he that is more Mad many times jeering him that is less so. But indeed the greater each Man's Madness is, the greater is his Happiness, if it be but such a Sort as proceeds from an Excess of Folly, which is so Epidemical a Distemper that it is hard to find any

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any one Man so uninfected as not to have sometimes a Fit or Two of some Sort of Frenzy. There is only this Difference between the several Patients: He that shall take a Broom-stick for a Strait-bodied Woman, is without more ado sentenced for a Mad-man, because this is so strange a Blunder as very seldom happens; whereas he, whose Wife is a common Jilt, that keeps a Warehouse free for all Customers, and yet swears she is as chaste as an untouch'd Virgin, and hugs himself in his contented Mistake, is scarce taken Notice of, because he fares no worse than a great many more of his good-natur'd Neighbours. Among these are to be rank'd such as take an immoderate Delight in *Hunting*, [FIG. XIX.] and think no Musick comparable to the Sounding of Horns and the Yelping of Beagles; and were they to take Physick, would no question think the most Sovereign Virtues to be in the *Album Gracum* of a Dog's Turd. When they have run down their Game, what strange Pleasure they take in cutting of it up! Cows and Sheep may be slaughter'd by common *Butchers*, but what is kill'd in Hunting must be broke up by none under a *Gentleman*, who shall throw down his Hat, fall devoutly on his Knees, and drawing out a flashing Hanger (for a common Knife is not good enough) after several Ceremonies shall dissect

dissect all the Parts as artificially as the best-skill'd Anatomist, while all that stand round shall look very intently, and seem to be mightily surpriz'd with the Novelty, tho' they have seen the same an Hundred times before; and he that can but dip his Finger, and taste of the Blood, shall think his own better'd by it. And tho' the constant Feeding on such Diet does but assimilate them to the Nature of those Beasts they eat of, yet they'll swear that Venison is Meat for Princes, and that their living upon it makes them as Great as Emperors.

NEAR akin to these are such as take a great Fancy for *Building*: They raise up, pull down, begin anew, alter the Model, and never rest till they run themselves out of their whole Estate, taking up such a Compass for Buildings, till they leave themselves not one Foot of Land to live upon, nor one poor Cottage to shelter themselves from Cold and Hunger; and yet all the while are mighty proud of their Contrivances, and sing a sweet *Requiem* to their own Happiness.

To these are to be added those plodding *Virtuosos*, that plunder the most inward Recesses of Nature for the Pillage of a New Invention, and rake over Sea and Land for the Turning up some hitherto latent Mystery; and are so continually tickled with the Hopes of Success, that they spare for no Cost nor Pains, but trudge

20 Fig. p. 71.





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on, and upon a Defeat in one Attempt, courageously tack about to another, and fall upon new Experiments, never giving over till they have *calcined* their whole Estate to *Ashes*, and have not Money enough left unmelted to purchase one Crucible or Limbeck : And yet after all, they are not so much discouraged, but that they dream Fine Things still, and animate others what they can to the like Undertakings ; nay, when their Hopes come to the last Gasps, after all their Disappointments, they have one *Salvo* for their Credit, that

In Magnis voluisse sat est.

In Great Exploits our bare Attempts suffice.

And so inveigh against the Shortness of their Life, which allows them not Time enough to bring their Designs to a Maturity and Perfection.

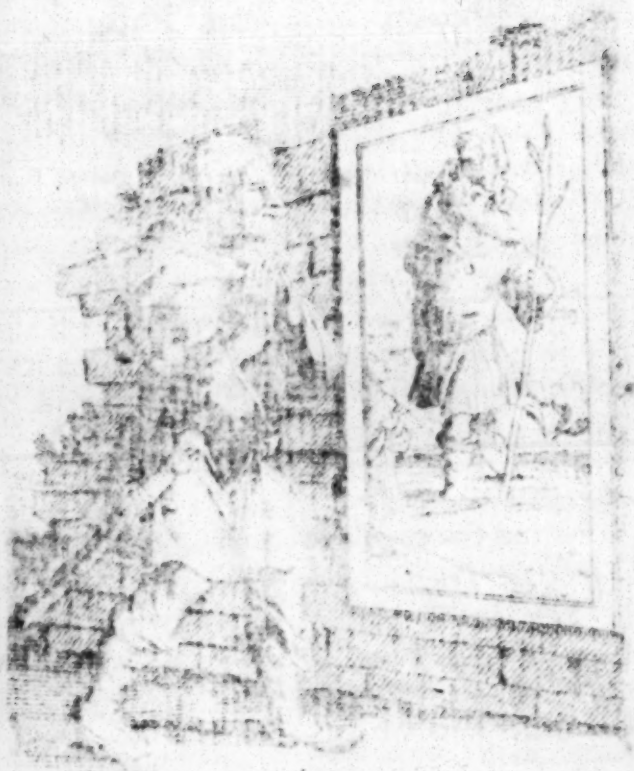
WHETHER *Dice-Players* [FIG. XX.] may be so favourably dealt with as to be admitted among the rest is scarce yet resolved upon : But sure it is hugely vain and ridiculous, when we see some Persons so devoutly addicted to this Diversion, that at the first Rattle of the Box their Heart shakes within them, and keeps Comfort with the Motion of the Dice : They are egg'd on so long with the Hopes of always
Winning,

Winning, till at last, in a literal Sense, they have *thrown away* their whole Estate, and made Shipwrack of all they have, scarce escaping to Shore with their own Cloaths to their Backs; thinking it in the mean while a great Piece of Religion to be just in the Payment of their Stakes, and will cheat any Creditor sooner than him who trusts them in Play: And that poring Old Men, that cannot tell their Cast without the Help of Spectacles, should be sweating at the same Sport; nay, that such decrepit Blades, as by the Gout have lost the Use of their Fingers, shou'd look over, and hire others to throw for them: This indeed is prodigioussly extravagant; but the Consequence of it ends so oft in downright Madness, that it seems rather to belong to the Furies than to Folly.

The next to be placed among the Regiment of *Fools* are such as make a Trade of telling or inquiring after incredible Stories of *Miracles* and *Prodigies*: Never doubting that a Lie will choak them, they'll muster up a Thousand several strange Relations of Spirits, Ghosts, Apparitions, raising of the Devil, and such like Bugbears of Superstition, which the farther they are from being probably true, the more greedily they are swallow'd, and the more devoutly believ'd. And these Absurdities do not only bring an empty Pleasure, and cheap Divertisement,
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but they are a good Trade, and procure a comfortable Income to such Priests and Friars as by this Craft get their Gain. To these again are nearly related such others as attribute strange Virtues to the *Shrines* and *Images* of Saints and Martyrs, and so would make their credulous Profelytes believe, that if they pay their Devotion to St. *Christopher* in the Morning, they shall be guarded and secured the Day following from all Dangers and Misfortunes : If Soldiers, [FIG. XXI.] when they first take Arms, shall come and mumble over such a Set Prayer before the Picture of St. *Barbara*, they shall return safe from all Engagements ; or if any pray to *Erasmus* on such particular Holidays, with the Ceremony of Wax-Candles, and other Fopperies, he shall in a short time be rewarded with a plentiful Increase of Wealth and Riches. The Christians have now their Gigantick St. *George*, as well as the Pagans had their *Hercules* ; they paint the Saint on Horseback, and drawing the Horse in splendid Trappings, very gloriously accoutred, they scarce refrain in a Literal Sense from Worshipping the *very Beast*.

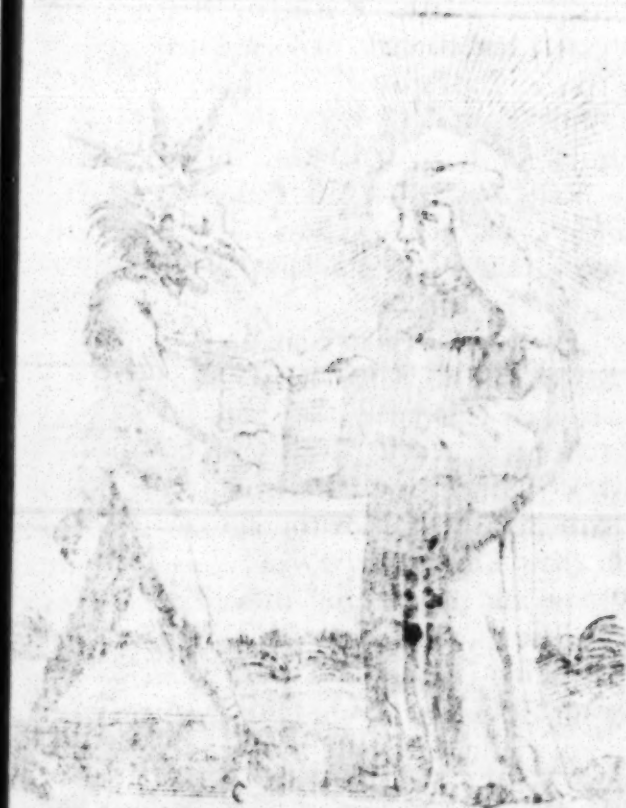
WHAT shall I say of such as cry up and maintain the Cheat of *Pardons* and *Indulgences*? That by these compute the Time of each Soul's Residence in Purgatory, and assign them a longer or shorter Continuance, according as

H they

they purchase more or fewer of these paltry Pardons, and saleable Exemptions? Or what can be said bad enough of such others, as pretend that by the Force of such Magical Charms, or by the Fumbling over their *Beads* in the Rehearsal of such and such Petitions, (which some Religious Impostors invented, either for Diversion, or, what is more likely, for Advantage) they shall procure Riches, Honour, Pleasure, Health, Long Life, a lusty Old-age, nay, after Death a Sitting at the Right Hand of our Saviour in his Kingdom; tho' as to this last Part of their Happiness they care not how long it be deferr'd, having scarce any Appetite toward a Tasting the *Joy*s of Heaven, till they are surfeited, glutted with, and can no longer relish their *Enjoyments on Earth*. By this easy Way of purchasing Pardons, any Notorious Highwayman, any Plundering Soldier, or any Bribe-taking Judge, shall disburse some part of their unjust Gains, and so think all their grossest Impieties sufficiently atoned for; so many Perjuries, Lusts, Drunkenness, Quarrels, Bloodsheds, Cheats, Treacheries, and all Sorts of Debaucheries, shall all be, as it were, struck a Bargain for, and such a Contract made, as if they had paid off all *Arrears*, and might now begin upon a *New Score*.

AND what can be more ridiculous, than for some others to be confident of going to Heaven
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Fig. 22. p. 75.



by repeating daily those Seven Verses out of the *Psalms*, which the *Devil* taught *St. Bernard*, [FIG. XXII.] thinking thereby to have put a Trick upon him, but that he was over-reach'd in his Cunning?

SEVERAL of these Fooleries, which are so gross and absurd, as I my self am even ashamed to own, are practised and admired, not only by the Vulgar, but by such Proficients in Religion as one might well expect should have more Wit.

FROM the same Principles of Folly proceeds the Custom of each Country's Challenging their particular *Guardian-Saint*; nay, each Saint has his *distinct Office* allotted to him, and is accordingly address'd to upon the respective Occasions: As one for the Tooth-ach, another to grant an easy Delivery in Child-birth, a third to help Persons to lost Goods, another to protect Seamen in a long Voyage, a fifth to guard the Farmers Cows and Sheep, and so on; for to rehearse all Instances would be extremely tedious.

THERE are some more *Catholick Saints* petition'd to upon all Occasions, as more especially the *Virgin Mary*, whose blind Devotees think it Manners now to place the Mother before the Son.

And of all the Prayers and Intercessions that are made to these respective Saints, the Sub-

stance of them is no more than downright Folly. Among all the Trophies that for Tokens of Gratitude are hung upon the Walls and Ceilings of Churches, you shall find no Relicks presented as a *Memorandum* of any that were ever cured of Folly, or had been made one Dram the Wiser. One perhaps after a Shipwreck got safe to Shore ; another recover'd when he had been run thro' by an Enemy ; one, when all his Fellow-Soldiers were kill'd upon the Spot, as Cunningly perhaps as Cowardly made his Escape from the Field ; another, while he was a Hanging, the Rope broke, and so he saved his Neck, and renewed his Licence for practising his Old Trade of Thieving ; another broke Goal, and got loose ; a Patient, against his Physician's Will, recover'd of a dangerous Fever ; another drank Poison, which putting him into a violent Looseness, did his Body more Good than Hurt, to the great Grief of his Wife, who hoped upon this Occasion to have become a joyful Widow ; another had his Waggon overturn'd, and yet none of his Horses lamed ; another had caught a grievous Fall, and yet recover'd from the Bruise ; another had been tampering with his Neighbour's Wife, and escaped very narrowly from being catch'd by the enraged Cuckold in the very Act. After all these Acknowledgments of Escapes from such singular Dangers, there is none (as I have
before

before intimated) that returns Thanks for being freed from Folly ; Folly being so sweet and luscious, that it is rather sued for as a Happiness, than deprecated as a Punishment. But why should I launch out into so wide a Sea of Superstitions ?

*Non mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferreæ vox, omnes fatuorum evolvere formas,
Omnia stultitiæ percurrere nomina possim.*

Had I as many Tongues, as *Argus* Eyes,
Briareus, Hands, they would not all suffice }
Folly in all her Shapes t' Epitomize. }

ALMOST all Christians being wretchedly enslaved to Blindness and Ignorance, which the *Priests* are so far from preventing or removing, that they blacken the Darkness, and promote the Delusion ; wisely foreseeing that the People (like Cows, which never give down their Milk so well as when they are gently stroaked) would part with less if they knew more, their *Bounty* proceeding only from a Mistake of *Charity*. Now if any Grave Wise Man should stand up, and unseasonably speak the Truth, telling every one that a Pious Life is the only Way of securing a Happy Death ; that the best Title to a *Pardon* of our Sins is purchased by a hearty *Abhorrence* of our Guilt, and sincere Resolutions

of *Amendment* ; that the best *Devotion* which can be paid to any *Saints* is to *imitate* them in their exemplary Life : If he should proceed thus to inform them of their several Mistakes, there would be quite another Estimate put upon Tears, Watchings, Masses, Fastings, and other Severities, which before were so much prized, as Persons will now be vexed to lose that Satisfaction they formerly found in them.

IN the same Predicament of *Fools* are to be ranked such, as while they are yet Living, and in good Health, take so great a Care how they shall be *Buried* when they Die ; that they solemnly appoint how many Torches, how many Scutcheons, how many Gloves to be given, and how many Mourners they will have at their Funeral ; as if they thought they themselves in their Coffins could be sensible of what Respect was paid to their Corps ; or as if they doubted they should rest a whit the less quiet in the Grave if they were with less State and Pomp interr'd.

Now though I am in so great haste, as I would not willingly be stopt or detained, yet I cannot pass by without bestowing some Remarks upon another Sort of *Fools* ; who, tho' their first Descent was perhaps no better than from a Tapster or Tinker, yet highly value themselves upon their *Birth* and *Parentage*. One fetches his Pedigree from *Æneas*, another from *Brute*,
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a third from King *Arthur* : They hang up their Ancestors Worm-eaten Pictures as Records of Antiquity, and keep a long List of their Predecessors, with an Account of all their Offices and Titles, while they themselves are but Transcripts of their Forefathers dumb Statues, and degenerate even into those very *Beasts* which they carry in their Coat of Arms as *Ensigns* of their Nobility : And yet by a strong Presumption of their Birth and Quality, they live not only the most pleasant and unconcerned themselves, but there are not wanting others too who cry up these Brutes almost equal to the Gods. But why should I dwell upon One or Two Instances of Folly, when there are so many of the like Nature ? *Conceitedness* and *Self-Love* making many by Strength of Fancy believe themselves happy, when otherwise they are really Wretched and Despicable. Thus the most Ape-fac'd, [FIG. XXIII.] Ugliest Fellow in the whole Town, shall think himself a Mirrour of Beauty : Another shall be so proud of his Parts, that if he can but mark out a Triangle with a pair of Compasses, he thinks he has mastered all the Difficulties of *Geometry*, and could out-do *Euclid* himself. A third shall admire himself for a ravishing Musician, though he have no more Skill in the handling of any Instrument than a *Pig* playing on the *Organs* : And another, that rattles in the Throat

as hoarse as a Cock crows, shall be proud of his Voice, and think he sings like any *Nightingale*.

THERE is another very pleasant Sort of Madness, whereby Persons assume to *themselves* whatever of Accomplishment they discern in *others*. Thus the Happy *Rich Churl* in *Seneca*, who had so short a Memory, as he could not tell the least Story without a Servant's standing by to prompt him, and was at the same time so weak as he could scarce go upright; yet he thought he might adventure to accept a Challenge to a Duel, because he kept at home some lusty, sturdy Fellows, whose Strength he relied upon instead of his own.

It is almost needless to insist upon the several *Professors* of Arts and Sciences, who are all so egregiously conceited, that they would sooner give up their Title to an Estate in Lands, than part with the Reversion of their Wits: Among these, more especially Stage-Players, Musicians, Orators and Poets; each of which, the more of Duncery they have, the more of Pride, and the less their Deserts be, the greater is their Ambition: And how notoriously soever dull they be, they meet with their Admirers; nay, the more silly they are, they higher they are extoll'd; Folly (as we have before intimated) never failing of Respect and Esteem. If therefore every one, the more ignorant he is, the

the greater Satisfaction he is to himself, and the more commended by others; to what Purpose is to Sweat and Toil in Pursuit of true Learning, which shall cost so many Gripes and Pangs of the Brain to acquire, and, when obtained, shall only make the laborious Student more uneasy to himself, and less acceptable to others?

As Nature in her Dispensation of Conceitedness has dealt with *Private Persons*, so has she given a particular Smatch of Self-Love to each *Country* and *Nation*. Upon this Account it is, that the *English* challenge the Prerogative of having the most handsome Women, of the being most accomplished in the Skill of Musick, and of keeping the best Tables: The *Scotch* brag of their Gentility, and pretend the Genius of their Native Soil inclines them to be good Disputants: The *French* think themselves remarkable for Complaisance and Good Breeding: The *Sorbonnists* of *Paris* pretend before any others to have made the greatest Proficiency in Polemick Divinity: The *Italians* value themselves for Learning and Eloquence; and, like the *Grecians* of Old, account all the World *Barbarians* in respect of themselves; to which piece of Vanity the Inhabitants of *Rome* are more especially addicted, pretending themselves to be Owners of all those Heroick Virtues which their City so many Ages since was deservedly Famous for. The *Venetians* stand upon
their

their Birth and Pedigree. The *Grecians* pride themselves in having been the first Inventors of most Arts, and in their Country being famed for the Product of so many Eminent Philosophers. The *Turks*, and all the other Refuse of *Mahometism*, pretend they profess the only true Religion, and laugh at all Christians for Superstitious, Narrow-soul'd Fools. The *Jews* to this Day expect their *Messias* as devoutly as they believe in their first Prophet *Moses*. The *Spaniards* challenge the Repute of being accounted good Soldiers. And the *Germans* are noted for their Tall, proper Stature, and for their Skill in Magick. But, not to mention any more, I suppose you are already convinced how great an Improvement and Addition to the Happiness of Human Life is occasioned by Self-love: Next Step to which is *Flattery*; for as Self-love is nothing but the coaking up of *our selves*, so the same currying and humouring of *others* is termed Flattery.

FLATTERY, it is true, is now looked upon as a Scandalous Name; but it is by such only as mind *Words* more than *Things*. They are prejudiced against it upon this Account, because they suppose it justles out all Truth and Sincerity: Whereas indeed its Property is quite contrary, as appears from the Examples of several Brute Creatures: What is more fawning than a *Spaniel*? And yet what is more faithful

to his Master? What is more fond and loving than a tame *Squirrel*? And what is more sporting and inoffensive? This little frisking Creature is kept up in a Cage to play withal, while Lions, Tigers, Leopards, and such other Savage Emblems of Rapine and Cruelty, are shewn only for State and Rarity, and otherwise yield no Pleasure to their respective Keepers.

THERE is indeed a pernicious destructive Sort of *Flattery*, wherewith Rookers and Sharks work their several Ends upon such as they can make a Prey of, by decoying them into Traps and Snares beyond Recovery: But that which is the Effect of Folly, is of a much different Nature; it proceeds from a softness of Spirit, and a flexibleness of Good Humour, and comes far nearer to Virtue than that other Extream of Friendship, namely, a stiff, sower, dogged Moroseness: It refreshes our Minds when tired, enlivens them when melancholy, reinforces them when languishing, invigorates them when heavy, recovers them when sick, and pacifies them when rebellious: It puts us in a Method how to procure Friends, and how to keep them; it entices Children to swallow the bitter Rudiments of Learning; it gives a new ferment to the almost stagnated Souls of Old Men; it both reproves and instructs Princes without Offence under the Mask of Commendation: In short, it makes every Man fond and indulgent
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of himself, which is indeed no small Part of each Man's Happiness, and at the same time renders him obliging and complaisant in all Company, where it is pleasant to see how the Asses rub and scratch one another. This again is a great Accomplishment to an Orator, a greater to a Physician, and the only one to a Poet : In fine, it is the best Sweetner to all Afflictions, and gives a true Relish to the otherwise insipid Enjoyments of our whole Life. Ay, but (say you) to *Flatter* is to *Deceive*, and to *Deceive* is very harsh and hurtful : No, rather just contrary ; nothing is more welcome and bewitching than the *being deceived*. They are much to be blamed for an undistinguishing Head, that make a Judgment of Things according to what they are in *themselves*, when their whole Nature consists barely in the *Opinions* that are had of them. For all sublimary Matters are enveloped in such a Cloud of Obscurity, that the Short-sightedness of Human Understanding cannot pry through and arrive to any comprehensive Knowledge of them : Hence the Sect of *Academick* Philosophers have modestly resolved, that all things being no more than *Probable*, nothing can be known as *Certain* ; or if there could, yet would it but interrupt and abate from the Pleasure of a more happy *Ignorance*. Finally, our Souls are so Fashioned and Moulded, that they are sooner

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Captivated by *Appearances*, than by *Real Truths*; of which, if any one would demand an Example, he may find a very familiar one in *Churches*, where, if what is delivered from the Pulpit be a grave, solid, rational Discourse, all the Congregation grow weary, and fall asleep, till their Patience be released; whereas if the *Preacher* (pardon the Impropriety of the Word, the *Prater* I would have said) be zealous in his Thumps of the Cushion and Antick Gestures, and spend his Glass in the telling of pleasant Stories, his *Beloved* shall then stand up, tuck their Hair behind their Ears, and be very devoutly attentive. So among the *Saints*, those are most resorted to, who are most Romantick and Fabulous: As for instance, a Poetick *St. George*, a *St. Christopher*, or a *St. Barbara*, shall be oftner pray'd to, than *St. Peter*, *St. Paul*, nay, perhaps than *Christ* himself: But this, it is possible, may more properly be reserr'd to another Place.

In the mean while observe what a cheap Purchase of *Happiness* is made by the Strength of *Fancy*. For whereas many Things, even of inconsiderable Value, would cost a great deal of Pains, and perhaps Pelf, to procure; *Opinion* spares Charges, and yet gives us them in as ample a Manner by *Conceit*, as if we possess'd them in *Reality*. Thus he who feeds on such a *sinking Dish of Fish*, as another man hold his

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Nose

Nose at a Yard's distance from ; yet if he feed heartily, and relish them palatably, they are to him as good as if they were fresh caught : Whereas, on the other hand, if any one be invited to never so dainty a Jowl of *Sturgeon*, if it go against his Stomach to eat any, he may sit a Hungry, and bite his Nails with greater Appetite than his *Victuals*. If a Woman be never so ugly and nauseous ; yet if her Husband can but *think* her handsome, it is all one to him as if she really *were* so : If any Man have never so ordinary and smutty a *Draught*, yet if he admires the Excellency of it, and can suppose it to have been drawn by some Old *Apelles*, or Modern *Vandike*, he is as proud of it as if it had really been done by one of their Hands. I knew a Friend of mine, that presented his Bride with several False and Counterfeit *Stones*, making her believe that they were right *Jewels*, and cost him so many Hundred Thousand Crowns ; under this Mistake the poor Woman was as choice of *Pebbles*, and *Painted Glass*, as if they had been so many Natural *Rubies* and *Diamonds*, while the subtle Husband sav'd a great deal in his Pocket, and yet made his Wife as well pleased as if he had been at ten hundred times the Cost. What Difference is there between them that in the darkest Dungeon can with a *Platonick* Brain survey the whole World in Idea, and him that stands in the

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the open Air, and takes a less deluding Prospect of the Universe? If the *Beggar* in *Lucian*, that *dreamt* he was a Prince, had never wak'd, his *imaginary* Kingdom had been as great as a *real* one. Between him therefore that *truly* is happy, and him that *thinks* himself so, there is no perceivable Distinction; or if any, the Fool has the better of it: First, Because his Happiness costs him less, standing him only in the Price of a *single Thought*; and then, Secondly, Because he has more Fellow-companions and Partakers of his good Fortune: For no Enjoyment is comfortable where the Benefit is not imparted to others; nor is any one Station of Life desirable where we can have no Converse with Persons of the same Condition with ourselves: And yet this is the hard Fate of Wise Men, who are grown so scarce, that, like *Phenixes*, they appear but *One* in an Age. The *Grecians*, it is true, reckoned up *Seven* within the narrow Precincts of their own Country; yet I believe, were they to cast up their Accounts anew, they would not find a half, nay, not a third Part, of *One* in far larger Extent.

FARTHER, when among the several Good Properties of *Bacchus* this is look'd upon as the chief, namely, that he drowns the Cares and Anxieties of the Mind, though it be indeed but for a short while; for after a small

Nap, when our Brains are a little settled, they all return to their former Corrodings : How much greater is the more durable Advantage which I bring ? While by one uninterrupted Fit of being *Drunk in Conceit*, I perpetually cajole the Mind with Riots, Revels, and all the Excess and Energy of Joy.

ADD to this, that I am so *Communicative* and Bountiful, as to let no one particular Person pass without some Token of my Favour ; whereas other Deities bestow their Gifts sparingly to their *Elect* only. *Bacchus* has not though, fit that every Soil should bear the same Juice-yielding Grape : *Venus* has not given to all a like Portion of Beauty : *Mercury* endows but few with the Knack of an Accomplished Eloquence : *Hercules* gives not to all the same Measure of Wealth and Riches : *Jupiter* has ordained but a few to be Born to a Kingdom : *Mars* in Battle gives the compleat Victory but to one Party ; nay, he often makes them both Losers : *Apollo* does not answer the Expectation of all that consult his Oracles : *Jove* oft thunders : *Phœbus* sometimes shoots the Plague, or some other Infection, at the point of his Darts : And *Neptune* swallows down more than he bears up : Not to mention their *Ve-Jupiters*, their *Pluto's*, their *Ate Goddesses of Loss*, their *Evil Genius's*, and such other Monsters of Divinity, as had more of the Hang-

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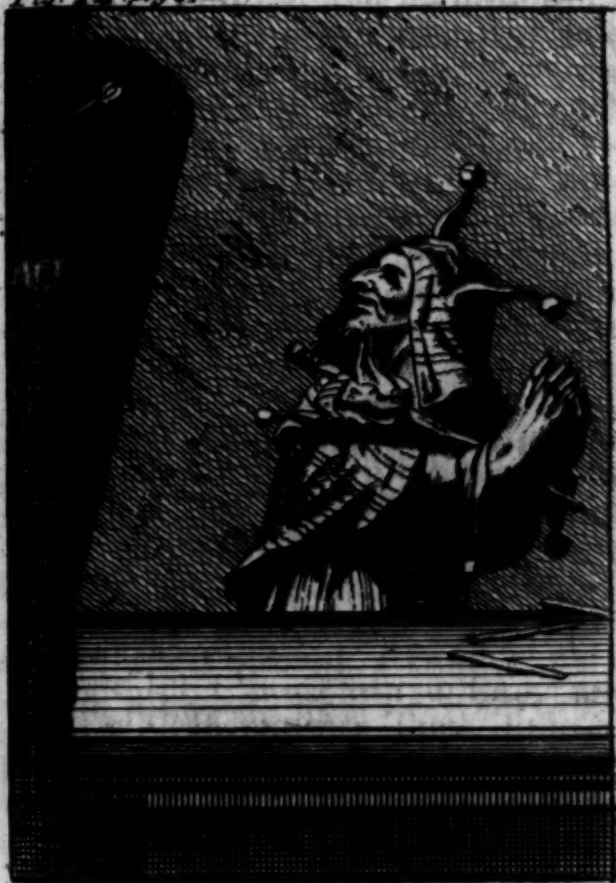
man than the God in them; and were Worshipped only to deprecate that Hurt which used to be inflicted by them : I say, not to mention these, I am that high and mighty *Goddeſs*, whose *Liberality* is of as large an Extent as her *Omnipotence* : I give to all that ask ; I never appear Sullen, nor out of Humour, nor ever demand any Atonement or Satisfaction for the Omission of any Ceremonious Punctilio in my Worship ; I do not Storm or Rage, if Mortals, in their Addresses to the other Gods, pass me by Unregarded, without the Acknowledgment of any Respect or Application : Whereas all the other Gods are so scrupulous and exact, that it often proves less dangerous manfully to despise them, than sneakingly to attempt the Difficulty of pleasing them. Thus some Men are of that captious, froward Humour, that a Man had better be wholly *Strangers* to them, than never so intimate *Friends*.

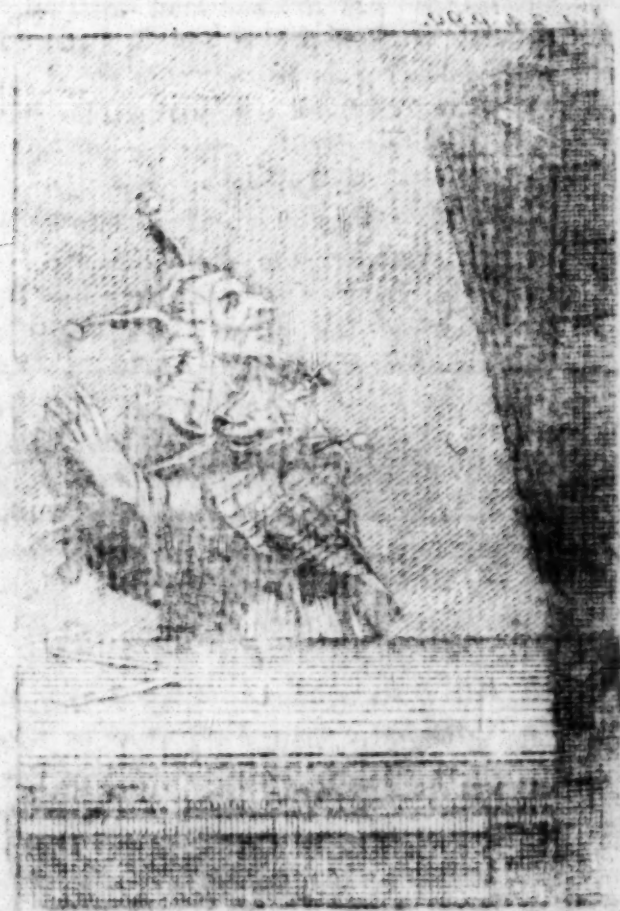
WELL, but there are none (say you) Build any *Altars*, or Dedicate any *Temple* to Folly. I admire (as I have before intimated) that the World should be so wretchedly ungrateful. But I am so Good-natur'd as to pass by and pardon this seeming Affront, though indeed the Charge thereof, as unnecessary, may well be saved ; for to what purpose should I demand the *Sacrifice* of Frankincense, Cakes, Goats, and Swine, since all Persons every-where pay

me that more acceptable *Service*, which all Divines agree to be more effectual and meritorious, namely, an *Imitation* of my communicable Attributes? I do not therefore any Way envy *Diana* for having her Altars bedewed with Human Blood: I think my self then most Religiously adored, when my respective *Devoters* (as is their usual Custom) conform themselves to my Practice, transcribe my Pattern, and so live the *Copy* of me their *Original*. And truly this Pious Devotion is not so much in use among Christians as is much to be wished it were: For how many Zealous *Votaries* are there that pay so profound a Respect to the *Virgin Mary*, as to place lighted [FIG. XXIV.] Tapers even at Noon-day upon her Altars! And yet how few of them Copy after her untouch'd Chastity, her Modesty, and her other commendable Virtues, in the Imitation whereof consists the truest Esteem of *Divine Worship*? Farther, why should I desire a *Temple*, since the whole World is but one ample continued Choir, entirely Dedicated to my Use and Service? Nor do I want *Worshippers* at any Place where the Earth wants not *Inhabitants*. And as to the manner of my Worship, I am not yet so irrecoverably foolish, as to be prayed to by *Proxy*, and to have my Honour immediately bestowed upon senseless *Images* and *Pictures*, which quite subvert the true End of Religion;

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gion ; while the unwary Supplicants seldom distinguish betwixt the *things themselves*, and the *Objects* they represent. The same Respect in the mean while is paid to me in a more Legitimate Manner ; for to me there are as many Statues erected as there are moving Fabricks of Mortality ; every Person, even against his own Will, carrying the Image of me, *i. e.* the Signal of Folly instamped on his Countenance. I have not therefore the least tempting Inducement to envy the more seeming State and Splendor of the other Gods, who are Worshipped at set *Times* and *Places* ; as *Phœbus* at *Rhodes*, *Venus* in her *Cyprian Isle*, *Juno* in the City *Argos*, *Minerva* at *Athens*, *Jupiter* on the Hill *Olympus*, *Neptune* at *Tarentum*, and *Priapus* in the Town of *Lampsacum* ; while, my *Worship* extending as far as my *Influence*, the Whole World is my *One Altar*, whereon the most valuable Incense and Sacrifice is perpetually offered up.

BUT lest I should seem to speak this with more of Confidence than Truth, let us take a nearer View of the Mode of Mens Lives, whereby it will be rendred more apparently evident what Largeesses I every-where bestow, and how much I am respected and esteem'd of Persons, from the highest to the basest Quality. For the proof whereof, it being too tedious to insist upon each Particular, I shall only mention

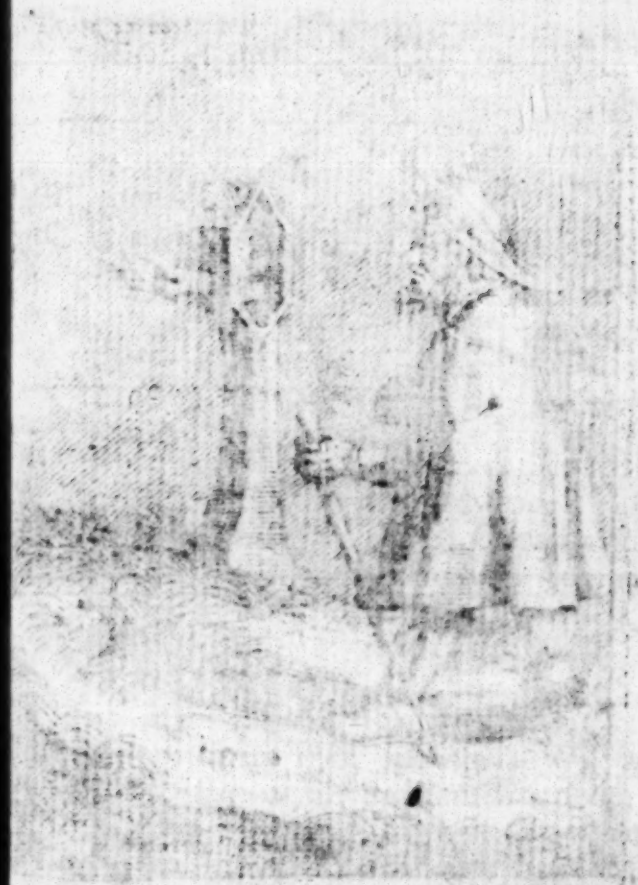
tion such in general as are most worthy the Remark, from which by Analogy we may easily judge of the Remainder. And indeed to what Purpose would it be, singly to recount the Commonalty and Rabble of Mankind, who beyond all question are entirely on my Side? And for a Token of their Vassalage do wear my Livery in so many older Shapes, and more newly invented Modes of Folly, that the Lungs of a Thousand *Democritus's* would never hold out to such a Laughter as this Subject would excite; and to these Thousand must be super-added One more, to laugh at them as much as they do at the other.

It is indeed almost incredible to relate what Mirth, what Sport, what Diversion, the grovelling Inhabitants here on Earth give to the above-seated Gods in Heaven: For these Exalted Deities spend their fasting sober Hours in listening to those Petitions that are offered up, and in succouring such as they are appealed to for Redress; but when they are a little entred at a Glass of Nectar, they then throw off all serious Concerns, and go and place themselves on the Ascent of some Promontory in Heaven, and from thence survey the little Mole-hill of Earth. And trust me, there cannot be a more delightful Prospect, than to view such a Theatre so stuff'd and cram'd with Swarms of Fools. One falls desperately in Love, and the

the other, the more he is slighted, the more does his Spaniel-like Passion increase : Another is wedded to *Wealth* rather than to a *Wife* : A Third *Pimps* for his own Spouse, and is content to be a Cuckold so he may wear his Horns Gilt : A Fourth is haunted with a *Jealousy* of his visiting Neighbours : Another sobs, and roars, and plays the Child, for the *Death* of a Friend or Relation ; and lest his own Tears should not rise high enough to express the Torrent of his Grief, he hires other Mourners to accompany the Corps to the Grave, and sing its *Requiem* in Sighs and Lamentations : Another hypocritically weeps at the *Funeral* of one whose Death at Heart he rejoices for : Here a *gluttonous* Cormorant, whatever he can scrape up, thrusts all into his Guts, to pacify the Cryings of a hungry Stomach : There a *lazy* Wretch sits yawning and stretching, and thinks nothing so desirable as Sleep and Idleness : Some are extremely industrious in *other Mens* Business, and foolishly neglectful of their *own* : Some think themselves Rich because their *Credit* is great, though they can never Pay till they Break and Compound for their Debts : One is so covetous that he *lives Poor* to *die Rich* : One for a little uncertain Gain will venture cross the roughest Seas, and expose his *Life* for the Purchase of a *Livelihood* : Another will depend
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on the Plunders of *War*, rather than on the Honest Gains of *Peace* : Some will close with, and humour such warm Old Blades, as have a good Estate, and no Children of their own to bestow it upon : Others practise the same Art of *Wheedling* upon good Old Women, that have hoarded and coffer'd up more Bags than they know how to dispose of ; both of these fly Flatteries make fine Sport for the Gods, when they are beat at their own Weapons, and (as oft happens) are gull'd by those very Persons they intended to make a Prey of : There is another Sort of Base Scoundrels in Gentility, such scraping Merchants, who, although for the better vent of their Commodities they Lie, Swear, Cheat, and practise all the Intrigues of Dishonesty, yet think themselves no way inferior to Persons of the highest Quality, only because they have raked together a plentiful Estate ; and there are not wanting such insinuating *Hangers on*, as shall Caress and Compliment them with the greatest Respect, in hopes to go *Snacks* in some of their dishonest Gains : There are others so infected with the Philosophical Paradox of banishing *Propriety*, and having all Things in *Common*, that they make no Conscience of fasting on, and purloining whatever they can get, and converting it to their own Use and Possession : There are some who are Rich only in *Wishes* ; and yet
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while they barely dream of vast Mountains of Wealth, they are as happy as if their imaginary *Fancies* commenc'd real *Truths* : Some put on the *best Side* outermost, and starve themselves at *Home* to appear gay and splendid *Abroad* : One with an open-handed Freedom spends all he lays his Fingers on ; another with a *Logick-fisted* Gripingness catches at and grasps all he can come within the Reach of : One apes it about in the Streets to court Popularity ; another consults his Ease, and sticks to the *Confinement* of a Chimney-corner : Many others are tugging hard at *Law* for a Trifle, and drive on an endless Suit, only to enrich a Defferring Judge, or a Knavish Advocate : One is for *New-modelling* a Settled Government ; another is for some Notable Heroical Attempt ; and a Third by all Means must Travel a *Pilgrim* [FIG. XXV.] to *Rome*, *Jerusalem*, or some Shrine of a Saint elsewhere, though he have no other Business than the Paying of a formal impertinent Visit, leaving his Wife and Children to fast, while he himself forsooth is gone to pray. In short, if (as *Lucian* fancies *Menippus* to have done heretofore) any Man could now again look down from the Orb of the Moon, he would see thick Swarms, as it were, of Flies and Gnats, that were quarrelling with each other, Justling, Fighting, Fluttering, Skipping, Playing, just new produced, soon after

after decaying, and then immediately vanishing: And it can scarce be thought how many Tumults and Tragedies so inconsiderate a Creature as *Man* does give Occasion to, and that in so short a Space as the small Span of Life ; subject to so many Casualties, that the Sword, Pestilence, and other Epidemick Accidents, shall many times sweep away whole Thousands at a Brush.

BUT hold ; I should but expose my self too far, and incur the Guilt of being roundly laugh'd at, if I proceed to enumerate the several Kinds of the Folly of the Vulgar. I shall confine therefore my following Discourse only to such as challenge the *Repute* of Wisdom, and seemingly pass for Men of the soundest Intellectuals. Among whom the *Grammarians* present themselves in the Front, a Sort of Men who would be the most miserable, the most slavish, and the most hateful of all Persons, if I did not some way alleviate the Pressures and Miseries of their Profession, by blessing them with a betwitching Sort of Madness : For they are not only liable to those *Five Curses*, which they so oft recite from the first five Verses of *Homier*, but to Five Hundred more of a worse Nature ; as always damn'd to Thirst and Hunger, to be choak'd with Dust in their unswept Schools, (*Schools* shall I term them, or rather *Elaboratorie*;

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tories, nay, *Bridewells*, and Houses of Correction ?) to wear out themselves in Fret and Drudgery ; to be deafen'd with the Noise of gaping Boys ; and, in short, to be stifled with Heat and Stench ; and, yet they cheerfully dispense with all these Inconveniencies, and, by the Help of a fond Conceit, think themselves as happy as any Men living ; taking a great Pride and Delight in frowning and looking big upon the trembling Urchins, in boxing, flasting, striking with the *Ferula*, and in the Exercise of all their other Methods of Tyranny ; while thus lording it over a parcel of young, weak Chits, [FIG. XXVI.] they imitate the *Guman Ass*, and think themselves as stately as a Lion, that domineers over all the inferiour Herd. Elevated with this Conceit, they can hold Filth and Nastiness to be an Ornament, can reconcile their Nose to the most intolerable Smells ; and, finally, think their wretched Slavery the most Arbitrary Kingdom, which they would not exchange for the Jurisdiction of the most Sovereign Potentate : And they are yet more happy by a strong Perswasion of their own Parts and Abilities ; for thus when their Employment is only to rehearse Silly Stories, and Poetical Fictions, they'll yet think themselves wiser than the best experienced Philosopher ; nay, they have an Art of making ordinary People, such as their School-boys fond

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Parents, to think them as considerable as their own Pride has made them. Add hereunto this sort of ravishing Pleasure: When any of them has found out who was the Mother of *Anchises*, or has lighted upon some old unusual Word, such as *Bubsequa*, *Bovinator*, *Manticulator*, or other like obsolete *cramp Terms*; or can, after a great deal of poring, spell out the Inscription of some batter'd Monument, Lord! what Joy, what Triumph, what Congratulating their Success, as if they had conquer'd *Africa*, or taken *Babylon* the Great! When they recite some of their frothy, bombast Verses, if any happen to admire them, they are presently flush'd with the least Hint of Commendation, and devoutly thank *Pythagoras* for his grateful *Hypothesis*, whereby they are now become actuated with a Descent of *Virgil's* Poetick Soul. Nor is any Divertisement more pleasant, than when they meet to flatter and curry one another; yet they are so critical, that if any one hap to be guilty of the least Slip or seeming Blunder, another shall presently correct him for it; and then to it they go in a Tongue-combat, with all the Fer-vour, Spleen and Eargerness imaginable. May *Priscian* himself be my Enemy if what I am now going to say be not exactly true: I knew an Old Sophister, that was a *Grecian*, a *Latinist*, a *Mathematician*, a *Philosopher*, a *Musician*, and all to the utmost Perfection, who,

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after Threescore Years Experience in the World, had spent the last Twenty of them only in drudging to conquer the Criticisms of Grammar, and made it the chief Part of his Prayers, that his Life might be so long spared till he had learn'd how rightly to distinguish betwixt the Eight Parts of Speech, which no Grammarian, whether *Greek* or *Latin*, had yet accurately done. If any chance to have placed that as a *Conjunction* which ought to have been used as an *Adverb*, it is a sufficient Alarm to raise a War for doing Justice to the injur'd Word. And since there have been as many several Grammars, as particular Grammarians (nay more, for *Aldus* alone wrote Five distinct Grammars for his own Share) the Schoolmaster must be obliged to consult them all, sparing for no Time nor Trouble, tho' never so great, lest he should be otherwise pos'd in an unobserv'd Criticism, and so by an irreparable Disgrace lose the Reward of all his Toil. It is indifferent to me, whether you call this Folly or Madness, since you must needs confess that it is by my Influence these School-tyrants, though in never so despicable a Condition, are so happy in their own Thoughts, that they would not change Fortunes with the most illustrious Sophy of *Persia*.

THE *Poets*, however somewhat less beholden to me, own a profess'd Dependence on

me, being a sort of Lawless Blades, that by Prescription claim a *Licence* to a Proverb, while the whole Intent of their Profession is only to smooth up and tickle the Ears of *Fools*, and that by meer Toys and fabulous Shams, with which (however ridiculous) they are so bolstered up in an airy Imagination, as to promise them an everlasting Name, and promise, by their Balderdash, at the same time to celebrate the Never-dying Memory of others. To these, rapturous Wit, Self-love and Flattery, are never-failing Attendants; nor do any prove more zealous or constant Devotees to Folly.

THE *Rhetoricians* likewise, though they are ambitious of being rank'd among the Philosophers, yet are apparently of my Faction, as appears, among other Arguments, by this more especially; in that among their several Topicks of compleating the Art of Oratory, they all particularly insist upon the Knack of Jestings, which is one Species of Folly; as is evident from the Books of Oratory wrote to *Herennius*, put among *Cicero's* Works, but done by some other unknown Author; and in *Quintilian*, that great Master of Eloquence, there is one large Chapter spent in prescribing the Methods of raising *Laughter*: In short, they may well attribute a great Efficacy to Folly, since on any Argument they can many times

times by a Slight *laugh over* what they could never seriously *confute*.

OF the same Gang are those scribbling Fops, who think to Eternize their Memory, by setting up for *Authors*: Among which, though they are all some way indebted to me, yet are those more especially so, who spoil Paper in blotting it with mere Trifles and Impertinences. For as to those graver Drudgers to the *Press*, that write Learnedly, beyond the Reach of an ordinary Reader, who durst submit their Labours to the Review of the most severe Critick; these are not so liable to be envied for their Honour, as to be pitied for their Sweat and Slavery. They make Additions, Alterations, blot out, write anew, amend, interline, turn it upside down, and yet can never please their fickle Judgment, but that they shall dislike the next Hour what they penn'd the former; and all this to purchase the airy Commendations of a few understanding Readers, which at most is but a poor Reward for all their Fastings, Watchings, Confinements, and Brain-breaking Tortures of Invention. Add to this, the impairing of their Health, the weakening of their Constitution, their contracting sore Eyes, or perhaps turning stark blind; their Poverty, their Envy, their Debarment from all Pleasures, their hastening an old Age, their untimely Death, and what other Inconveniencies

of a like or worse Nature can be thought upon: And yet the Recompence for all this severe Penance, is at best, no more than a Mouthful or two of frothy Praise. These, as they are more laborious, so are they less happy than those other *Hackney-scribblers* which I first mention'd, who never stand much to consider, but write what comes next at a venture, knowing that the more silly their Composures are, the more they will be bought up by the greater Number of Readers, who are *Fools* and *Blockheads*: And if they hap to be condemn'd by some few judicious Persons, it is an easy Matter by Clamour to drown their Censure, and to silence them by urging the more numerous Commendations of others. They are yet the wisest who transcribe whole Discourses from others, and then reprint them as their own. By doing so, they make a cheap and easy Seizure to themselves of that Reputation which cost the first Author so much Time and Trouble to procure. If they are at any time prick'd a little in Conscience for fear of Discovery, they feed themselves however with this Hope, that if they be at last found *Plagiaries*, yet at least for some time they have the Credit of passing for the genuine Authors. It is pleasant to see how all these several Writers are puff'd up with the least Blast of Applause, especially if they

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come to the Honour of being pointed at as they walk along the Streets, when their several *Pieces* are laid open upon every Bookfeller's Stall, when their *Names* are emboss'd in a different Character upon the Title Page, sometimes only with the two first Letters, and sometimes with fictitious cramp Terms, which few shall understand the Meaning of; and of those that do, all shall not agree in their Verdict of the Performance; some censuring, others approving it, Men's Judgments being as different as their Palates, that being toothsome to one, which is unsavory and nauseous to another: Tho' it is a sneaking Piece of Cowardise for Authors to put *feigned Names* to their Works, as if, like *Bastards* of their Brain, they were afraid to own them. Thus one stiles himself *Telemachus*, another *Stelenus*, a third *Polycrates*, another *Thrasymachus*, and so on. By the same Liberty we may ransack the whole Alphabet, and jumble together any Letters that come next to hand. It is farther very pleasant, when these Coxcombs employ their Pens in writing Congratulatory Epistles, Poems and Panegyricks, upon each other, wherein one shall be complemented with the Title of *Alcæus*, another shall be character'd for the incomparable *Callimachus*; this shall be commended for a compleater Orator than *Tully* himself; a fourth shall be told by his Fellow-

Fellow-fool that the Divine *Plato* comes short of him for a Philosophick Soul. Sometimes again they take up the Cudgels, and challenge out an *Antagonist*, and so get a Name by a Combat at Dispute and Controversy, while the unwary Readers draw Sides according to their different Judgments: The longer the Quarrel holds, the more irreconcilable it grows; and when both Parties are weary, they *each* pretend themselves the *Conquerors*, and both lay Claim to the Credit of coming off with Victory. These Fooleries make Sport for wise Men, as being highly absurd, ridiculous and extravagant. True; but yet these Paper-Combatants, by my Assistance, are so flush'd with a Conceit of their own Greatness, that they prefer the solving of a *Syllogism* before the sacking of *Carthage*; and upon the Defeat of a poor Objection carry themselves more *triumphant* than the most victorious *Scipio*.

NAY, even the *Learned* and more *Judicious*, that have Wit enough to laugh at the other's Folly, are very much beholden to my Goodness; which (except Ingratitude have drowned their Ingenuity) they must be ready upon all Occasions to confess. Among these I suppose the *Lawyers* [FIG. XXVII.] will shuffle in for Precedence, and they of all Men have the greatest Conceit of their own Abilities. They'll argue as confidently as if they spoke

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spoke *Gospel* instead of *Law*: They'll cite you Six Hundred several *Precedents*, though not One of them come near to the Case in hand: They'll muster up the Authority of *Judgments*, *Deeds*, *Glosses* and *Reports*, and tumble over so many musty *Records*, that they make their Employ, tho' in itself easy, the greatest Slavery imaginable; always accounting that the *best Plea*, which they have took most *Pains* for.

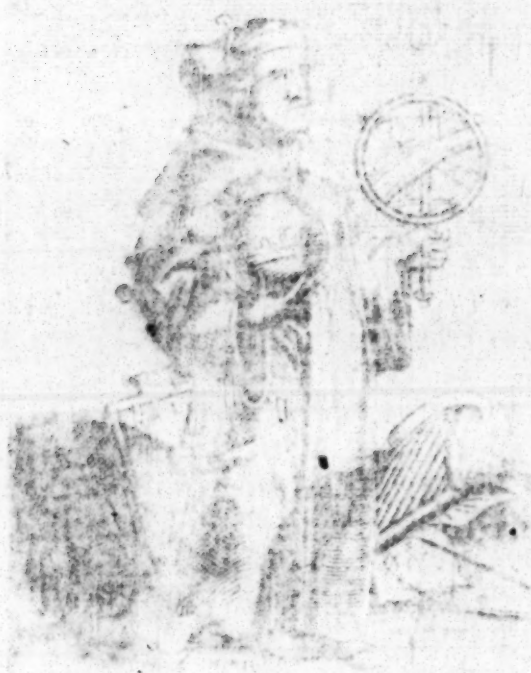
To these, as bearing great Resemblance to them, may be added *Logicians* and *Sophisters*, Fellows that talk as much by Rote as a Parrot; who shall run down a whole Gossiping of old Women; nay, silence the very Noise of a *Belfry*, with louder Clappers than those in the *Steeple*: And if their unappeasable Clamorousness were the only Fault, it would admit of some Excuse; but they are at the same time so fierce and quarrelsome, that they'll wrangle bloodily for the least Trifle, and be so over-intent and eager, that they many times lose their Game in the Chace, and fright away that Truth they are hunting for. Yet Self-conceit makes these nimble Disputants such *doughty* Champions, that, arm'd with Three or Four close-link'd Syllogisms, they shall enter the *Lists* with the greatest Masters of Reason, and not question the Foiling of them in an irresistible *Baffle*: Nay, their Obstinacy makes them so confident of their being in
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the Right, that all the Arguments in the World shall never convince them to the contrary.

NEXT to these come the *Philosophers* in their long Beards and short Cloaks, who esteem themselves the only Favourites of Wisdom, and look upon the rest of Mankind as the *Dirt* and *Rubbish* of the Creation: Yet these Mens Happiness is only a frantick Crafiness of Brain; they build Castles in the Air, and infinite Worlds in a *Vacuum*. They'll give you to a Hair's Breadth the Dimensions of the Sun, Moon, and Stars [FIG. XXVIII.] as easily as they would do that of a Flaggon or Pipkin: They'll give a punctual Account of the Rise of Thunder, of the Origin of Winds, of the Nature of Eclipses, and of all the other abstrusest Difficulties in Physick, without the least Demur or Hesitation, as if they had been admitted into the Cabinet Council of Nature, or had been Eye-witnesses to all the accurate Methods of Creation: Though alas Nature does but laugh at all their puny Conjectures; for they never yet made one considerable Discovery, as appears in that they are unanimously agreed in no one Point of the smallest moment; nothing so plain or evident, but what by some or other is opposed and contradicted. But though they are ignorant of the artificial Contexture of the least Insect,

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Insect, they vaunt however and brag that they know all things, when indeed they are unable to construe the Mechanism of their own Body. Nay, when they are so Purblind as not to be able to see a Stone's Cast before them; yet they shall be as sharp-sighted as possible in spying out Idea's, Universals, separate Forms, first Matters, Quiddities, Formalities, and a Hundred such like Niceties, so diminutively *small*, that were not their Eyes extremely magnifying, all the Art of *Opticks* could never make them *discernible*. But they then most despise the low groveling Vulgar, when they bring out their Parallels, Triangles, Circles, and other Mathematical Figures, drawn up in Battalia like so many Spells and Charms of Conjunction in Muster, with Letters to refer to the Explication of the several Problems; hereby raising Devils as it were, only to have the Credit of laying them, and amusing the ordinary Spectators into Wonder, because they have not Wit enough to understand the Juggle. Of these some undertake to profess themselves *Judicial Astrologers*, pretending to keep Correspondence with the Stars, and so from their Information can resolve any Query; and tho' it is all but a Presumptuous Imposture, yet some to be sure will be so great *Fools* as to believe them.

THE *Divines* present themselves next ; but it may perhaps be most safe to pass them by, and not at all to touch upon so harsh a String as this Subject would afford. Beside, the Undertaking may be very hazardous ; for they are a sort of Men generally very hot and passionate ; and should I provoke them, I doubt would set upon me with a full Cry, and force me with Shame to *recant* : Which if I stubbornly refuse to do, they'll presently brand me for an *Heretick*, and thunder out an *Excommunication*, which is their Spiritual Weapon to wound such as lift up a Hand against them. It is true, no Men own a less Dependence on me, yet have they Reason to confess themselves indebted for no small Obligations. For it is by one of my Properties, Self-love, that they fancy themselves, with the Elder Brother *Paul*, caught up into the Third Heaven, from whence, like Shepherds indeed, they look down upon their Flock the Laity, grazing, as it were, in the Vales of the World below. They fence themselves in with so many Surrounders of Magisterial Definitions, Conclusions, Corollaries, Propositions Explicite and Implicite, that there is no falling in with them ; or if they do chance to be urged to a seeming *Nonplus*, yet they find out so many Evasions, that all the Art of Man can never bind them so fast, but that an easy

Distinction

Distinction shall give them a Starting-hole to escape the Scandal of being baffled. They'll cut asunder the toughest Argument with as much Ease, as *Alexander* did the *Gordian Knot*: They'll thunder out so many rattling Terms, as shall fright an Adversary into Conviction. They are exquisitely dextrous in unfolding the most intricate Mysteries: They'll tell you to a tittle all the successive Proceedings of the Omnipotence in the Creation of the Universe: They'll explain the precise Manner of Original Sin being derived from our first Parents: They'll satisfy you in what manner, by what degrees, and in how long a time, our Saviour was conceived in the Virgin's Womb; and demonstrate in the Consecrated Wafer how *Accidents* may subsist without a *Subject*. Nay, these are accounted trivial, easie Questions; they have yet far greater Difficulties behind, which notwithstanding they solve with as much Expedition as the former: As namely, whether Supernatural *Generation* requires any Instant of Time for its *Acting*? Whether Christ, as a Son, bears a double specifically distinct Relation to God the Father, and his Virgin Mother? Whether this Proposition is possible to be true, *The First Person of the Trinity bated the Second*? Whether God, who took our Nature upon him in the Form of a Man, could as well have become a Woman, a Devil, a

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Beast,

Beast, an Herb, or a Stone? And were it so possible that the Godhead had appear'd in the Shape of an inanimate Substance, how he should then have preach'd his Gospel? Or, how have been nail'd to the Cross? Whether, if St. *Peter* had celebrated the Eucharist at the same time our Saviour was hanging on the Cross, the consecrated Bread would have been *Transubstantiated* into the same Body that remain'd on the Tree? Whether in Christ's corporal Presence in the sacramental Wafer his *Humanity* be not abstracted from his *Godhead*? Whether after the Resurrection we shall carnally eat and drink as we do in this Life? There are a thousand other more sublimated and refined Niceties of *Notions*, *Relations*, *Quantities*, *Formalities*, *Quiddities*, *Hæccities*, and such like *Abstrusities*, as one would think no one could pry into, except he had not only such Cats-eyes as to see best in the *Dark*, but even such a piercing Faculty to see thro' an Inch Board, and spy out what really never had any Being. Add to these some of their Tenets and Opinions, which are so absurd and extravagant, that the wildest Fancies of the Stoicks, which they so much disdain and decry as Paradoxes, seem in comparison just and rational; as their maintaining, That it is a less aggravating Fault to kill a hundred Men, than for a poor Cobler to set a Stitch on the Sabbath-day;

or,

or, That it is more justifiable to do the greatest Injury imaginable to others, than to tell the least Lie ourselves. And these Subtilties are Alchymiz'd to a more refined Sublimate by the abstracting Brains of their several Schoolmen; the *Realists*, the *Nominalists*, the *Thomists*, the *Albertists*, the *Occamists*, the *Scotists*; these are not all, but the Rehearsal of a few only, as a *Specimen* of their divided Sects: In each of which there is so much of deep Learning, so much of unfathomable Difficulty, that I believe the Apostles themselves would stand in need of a new illuminating *Spirit* if they were to engage in any Controversy with these new Divines. St. Paul, no question, had a full Measure of Faith; yet when he lays down Faith to be the *Substance of Things not seen*, these Men carp at it for an imperfect Definition, and would undertake to teach the Apostles better Logick. Thus the same holy Author wanted for nothing of the Grace of *Charity*; yet (say they) he describes and defines it but very unaccurately, when he treats of it in the thirteenth Chapter of his first Epistle to the *Corinthians*. The primitive Disciples were very frequent in administering the *Holy Sacrament*, *breaking Bread from House to House*; yet should they be asked of the *Terminus a quo*, and the *Terminus ad quem*, the Nature of *Transubstantiation*? The Manner how *One Body* can be in *several*

Places at the same Time? The Difference betwixt the several Attributes of Christ in Heaven, on the Cross, and in consecrated Bread? What time is required for the Transubstantiating the Bread into Flesh? How it can be done by a short *Sentence* pronounc'd by the Priest, which Sentence is a Species of *discreet Quantity*, that has no permanent *Punctum*? Were they ask'd (I say) these, and several other confused Queries, I don't believe they could answer so readily as our mincing School-men now-a-days take a Pride to do. They were well acquainted with the Virgin *Mary*; yet none of them undertook to prove that she was preserv'd *Immaculate* from Original Sin, as some of our Divines very hotly contend for. St. *Peter* had the *Keys* given to him, and that by our Saviour himself, who had never entrusted him, except he had known him capable of their Manage and Custody; and it is much to be question'd whether *Peter* was sensible of that Subtilty broach'd by *Scotus*, that he may have the *Key* of Knowledge *effectually* for others, who has no Knowledge *actually* in himself. Again, *They baptized all Nations*, and yet never taught what was the *Formal*, *Material*, *Efficient*, and *Final Cause* of *Baptism*, and certainly never dreamt of distinguishing between a *Delible* and *Indelible* Character in this Sacrament. They worshipped in the *Spirit*,
following

following their Master's Injunction, *God is a Spirit, and they which worship him, must worship him in Spirit, and in Truth*; yet it don't appear that it was ever reveal'd to them how divine Adoration should be paid at the same time to our *blessed Saviour* in Heaven, and to his *Picture* here below on a Wall, drawn with two Fingers held out, a bald Crown, and a Circle round his Head. To reconcile these Intricacies to an Appearance of Reason, requires threescore Years Experience in Metaphysicks.

FARTHER, the Apostles often mention *Grace*; yet never distinguish between *gratia gratis data*, and *gratia gratificans*. They earnestly exhort us likewise to *good Works*; yet never explain the Difference between *Opus operans*, and *Opus operatum*. They very frequently press and invite us to seek after *Charity*, without dividing it into *Infused* and *Acquired*, or determining whether it be a *Substance* or an *Accident*, a *Created* or an *Uncreated Being*. They detested Sin themselves, and warned others from the Commission of it; and yet I am sure they could never have defined so dogmatically, as the *Scotists* have since done. *St. Paul*, who in others Judgment is no less the Chief of the *Apostles*, than he was in his own the *Chief of Sinners*, who being bred at the Feet of Gamaliel, was certainly more eminently a Scholar than any of the rest; yet he

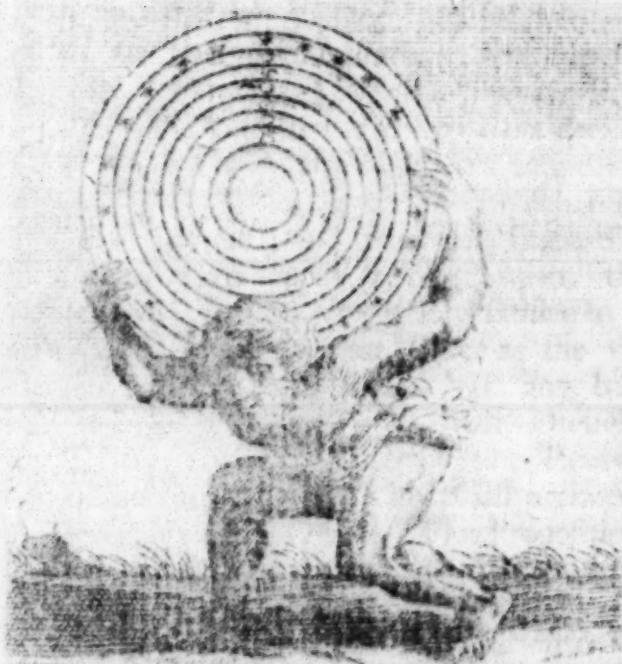
often exclaims against *vain Philosophy*, warns us from *doting about Questions and Strifes of Words*, and charges us to *avoid profane and vain Babblings, and Oppositions of Science falsely so called*; which he would not have done, if he had thought it worth his while to have become acquainted with them, which he might soon have been, the Disputes of that Age being but small, and more intelligible Sophisms, in reference to the vastly greater Intricacies they are now improved to. But yet however our scholastick Divines are so modest, that if they meet with any Passage in *St. Paul*, or any other Penman of Holy Writ, which is not so well model'd, or critically disposed of, as they could wish, they will not roughly condemn it, but bend it rather to a favourable Interpretation, out of Reverence to Antiquity, and Respect to the holy Scriptures; tho' indeed it were unreasonable to expect any thing of this nature from the Apostles, whose Lord and Master had given unto them to know the *Mysteries of God*, but not those of Philosophy. If the same Divines meet with any thing of like nature unpalatable in *St. Chrysostom*, *St. Basil*, *St. Hierom*, or others of the Fathers, they will not stick to appeal from Authority, and very fairly resolve that they lay under a Mistake: Yet these ancient Fathers were they who confuted both the *Jews and Heathens*,
though

though they both obstinately adher'd to their respective Prejudices; they confuted them (I say;) yet by their Lives and Miracles, rather than by Words and Syllogisms; and the Persons they thus profelyted were downright honest well-meaning People, such as understood plain Sense better than any artificial Pomp of Reasoning. Whereas, if our *Divines* should now set about the gaining *Converts* from Paganism by their Metaphysical Subtilties, they would find that most of the Persons they applied themselves to were either so ignorant as not at all to apprehend them, or else so impudent as to scoff and deride them; or finally, so well skill'd at the same Weapons, that they would be able to keep their Pass, and fence off all Assaults of Conviction: And this last Way the Victory would be altogether as hopeless, as if two Persons were engaged of so equal Strength, that it were impossible any one should over-power the other.

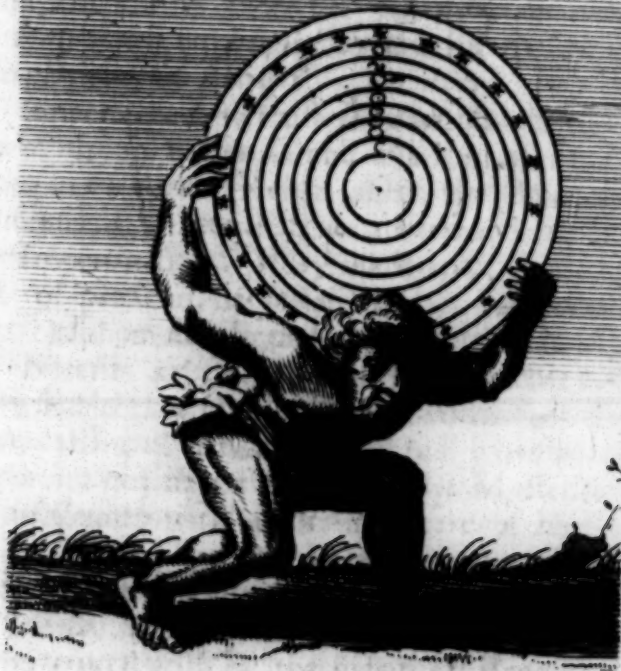
IF my Judgment might be taken, I would advise *Christians*, in their next Expedition to a *Holy War*, instead of those many unsuccessful Legions, which they have hitherto sent to encounter the *Turks* and *Saracens*, that they would furnish out their clamorous *Scotists*, their obstinate *Occamists*, their invincible *Albertists*, and all their Forces of tough, crabbed and profound *Disputants*: The Engagement,

I fancy, would be mighty pleasant, and the Victory we may imagine on our Side not to be question'd. For which of the Enemies would not vail their *Turbants* at so solemn an Appearance? Which of the fiercest *Janizaries* would not throw away his *Scimitar*, and all the *Half-moons* be *eclipsed* by the Interposition of so glorious an Army?

I suppose you mistrust I speak all this by way of Jeer and Irony; and well I may, since among Divines themselves there are some so ingenuous as to despise these captious and frivolous Impertinences: They look upon it as a kind of profane Sacrilege, and a little less than blasphemous Impiety, to determine of such Niceties in Religion, as ought rather to be the Subject of an humble and contradicting *Faith*, than of a scrupulous and inquisitive *Reason*: They abhor a defiling the Mysteries of Christianity with an Intermixture of Heathenish Philosophy, and judge it very improper to reduce Divinity to an obscure *speculative Science*, whose End is such a Happiness as can be gain'd only by the means of *Practice*. But alas, those *Notional Divines*, however condemn'd by the sober Judgment of others, are yet mightily pleas'd with themselves, and are so laboriously intent upon prosecuting their crabbed Studies, that they cannot afford so much Time as to read a single Chapter in
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29. Fig. p. 17.



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any one Book of the whole Bible. And while they thus trifle away their mispent Hours in Trash and Babble, they think that they *support* the Catholick Church with the Props and Pillars of Propositions and Syllogisms, no less effectually than *Atlas* [FIG. XXIX.] is feigned by the Poets to sustain on his Shoulders the Burden of a tottering World. Their Privileges too and Authority are very considerable: They can deal with any Text of Scripture as with a *Nose of Wax*, knead it into what best suits their Interest; and whatever Conclusions they have dogmatically resolved upon, they would have them as irrevocably ratified as *Solon's* Laws, and in as great Force as the very Decrees of the Papal Chair. If any be so bold as to remonstrate to their Decisions, they'll bring him on his Knees to a Recantation of his Impudence. They shall pronounce as irrevocably as an Oracle, This Proposition is scandalous, that irreverent; this has a smack of Heresie, and that is bald and improper: So that it is not the being *baptized* into the Church, the believing of the *Scriptures*, the giving Credit to *St. Peter*, *St. Paul*, *St. Hierom*, *St. Augustin*, nay, or *St. Thomas Aquinas* himself that shall make a Man a *Christian*, except he have the joint Suffrage of these Novices in Learning, who have blessed the World no doubt with a great many Discoveries,
which

which had never come to Light, if they had not struck the Fire of Subtilty out of the Flint of Obscurity. These Fooleries sure must be a happy Employ.

FARRHER, they make as many Partitions and Divisions in *Hell* and *Purgatory*, and describe as many different Sorts and Degrees of Punishment, as if they were very well acquainted with the Soil and Situation of those infernal Regions. And to prepare a Seat for the Blessed above, they invent new Orbs, and a stately *Empyrean* Heaven, so wide and spacious as if they had purposely contriv'd it, that the glorified Saints might have room enough to Walk, to Feast, or take any Recreation.

WITH these, and a thousand more such like Toys, their Heads are more stuff'd and swell'd than *Jove*, [FIG. XXX.] when he went big of *Pallas* in his Brain, and was forced to use the Midwifry of *Vulcan's* Axe to ease him of his teeming Burden. Do not wonder therefore, that at publick Disputations they bind their Heads with so many *Caps* one over another ; for this is to prevent the loss of their Brains, which would otherwise break out from their uneasy Confinement. It affords likewise a pleasant Scene of Laughter, to listen to these Divines in their hotly managed Disputations ; to see how proud they are of talking such hard Gibberish, and stammering out

10 Fig. P. 118





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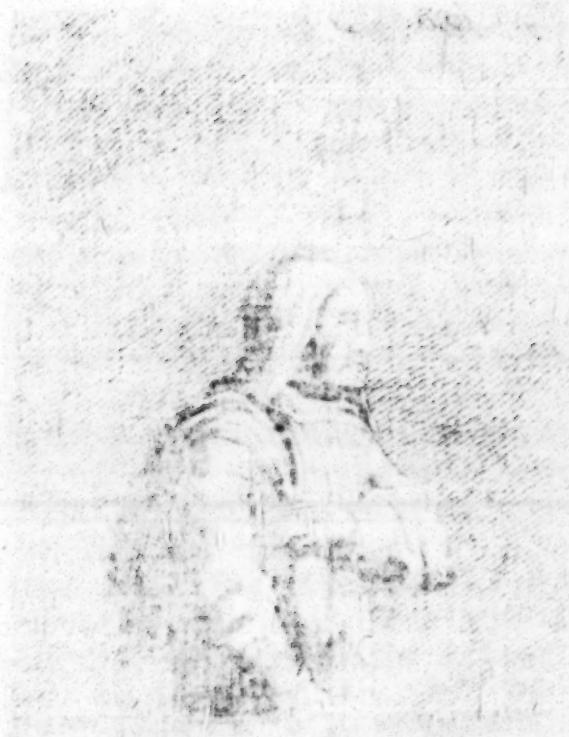
out such blundering Distinctions, as the Auditors perhaps may sometimes gape at, but seldom apprehend: And they take such a Liberty in their speaking of *Latin*, that they scorn to stick at the exactness of *Syntax* or *Concord*; pretending it is below the Majesty of a *Divine* to talk like a *Pædagogus*, and be tied to the slavish Observance of the Rules of *Grammar*. Finally, they take a vast Pride, among other Citations, to alledge the Authority of their respective *Master*, which Word they bear as profound a Respect, to as the *Jews* did to their ineffable *Tetragrammaton*; and therefore they'll be sure never to write it any otherwise than in great Letters, MAGISTER NOSTER; and if any happen to invert the Order of the Words, and say *Noster Magister*, instead of *Magister Noster*, they'll presently exclaim against him as a pestilent Heretick, and Underminer of the Catholick Faith.

THE next to these are another sort of Brainfick Fools, who stile themselves *Monks*, and of *Religious Orders*, though they assume both Titles very unjustly: For, as to the *last*, they have very little of *Religion* in them; and as to the *former*, the Etymology of the Word *Monk* implies a Solitariness, or being alone; whereas they are so thick abroad that we cannot pass any Street or Alley, without meeting them.

them. Now I cannot imagine what one Degree of Men would be more hopelessly wretched, if I did not stand their Friend, and buoy them up in that Lake of Misery, which by the Engagements of a holy Vow they have voluntarily immerg'd themselves in. But when these sort of Men are so unwelcome to others, as that the very sight of them is thought ominous; I yet make them highly in love with themselves, and fond Admirers of their own Happiness. The first Step whereunto they esteem a profound Ignorance, thinking *Carnal Knowledge* a great Enemy to their *Spiritual Welfare*, and seem confident of becoming greater Proficients in *Divine Mysteries* the less they are poisoned with any *Human Learning*. They imagine, that they bear a sweet *Consort* with the Heavenly Choir, when they *tone out* their daily Tally of *Psalms*, which they rehearse only by Rote, without permitting their Understanding or Affections to go along with their Voice. Among these some make a good profitable Trade of *Beggary*, [FIG. XXXI.] going abroad from House to House, not like the Apostles, to *break*, but to *beg*, their Bread; nay, thrust into all publick Houses, come aboard the Passage-boats, get into the travelling Waggons, and omit no Opportunity of Time or Place for the craving People's Charity; doing a great deal of In-
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jury to common Highway Beggars, by inter-
 looping in their Traffick of Alms. And when
 they are thus voluntarily poor, destitute, not
 provided with two Coats, nor with any
 Money in their Purse, they have the Impu-
 dence to pretend that they imitate the first
 Disciples, whom their Master expressly sent
 out in such an Equipage. It is pretty to ob-
 serve how they regulate all their Actions as
 it were by Weight and Measure, to so exact
 a Proportion, as if the whole Loss of their
 Religion depended upon the Omission of the
 least Punctilio. Thus they must be very
 critical in the precise Number of *Knots* to the
 tying on of their *Sandals*; what distinct *Co-
 lours* their respective Habits, and what *Stuff*
 made of; how broad and long their *Girdles*;
 how big, and in what Fashion their *Hoods*; whe-
 ther their bald Crowns be to a *Hair's-breadth*
 of the right Cut; how many Hours they
 must sleep, at what Minute rise to Prayers,
 &c. And these several Customs are altered
 according to the Humours of different Persons
 and Places. While they are sworn to the su-
 perstitious Observance of these Trifles, they
 do not only despise all others, but are very
 inclinable to fall out among themselves; for
 though they make Profession of an apostolick
 Charity; yet they'll pick a Quarrel, and be
 implacably passionate for such poor Provoca-
 M tions,

tions, as the girting on a Coat the wrong Way, for the wearing of Cloaths a little too darkish coloured, or any such Nicety, not worth the speaking of. Some are so obstinately superstitious, that they'll wear their upper Garment of some coarse Dog's-hair Stuff, and that next their Skin as soft as Silk: But others, on the contrary, will have Linen-Frocks outermost, and their Shirts of Wool, or Hair. Some again will not touch a piece of Money, though they make no Scruple of the Sin of Drunkenness, and the Lust of the Flesh. All their several Orders are mindful of nothing more than of their being *distinguish'd* each from other by their different Customs and Habits. They seem, indeed, not so careful of becoming *like Christ*, and of being known to be his Disciples, as the being *unlike* to one another, and distinguishable for Followers of their several *Founders*. A great part of their Religion consists in their *Title*: Some will be call'd *Cordeliers*, and these subdivided into *Capuchines*, *Minors*, *Minims*, and *Mendicants*: Some again are stiled *Benedictines*, others of the Order of *St. Bernard*, others of that of *St. Bridget*; some are *Augustin Monks*, some *Willielmites*, and others *Jacobites*, as if the common Name of *Christian* were too mean and vulgar. Most of them place their greatest Stress for Salvation in a strict Conformity to their

their foppish Ceremonies, and a Belief of their legendary Traditions; wherein they fancy to have acquitted themselves with so much of Supererogation, that *One* Heaven can never be a *Condign* Reward for their meritorious Life; little thinking, that the Judge of all the Earth at the last Day shall put them off with a *What hath required these Things at your Hands?* And call them to an Account only for the Stewardship of his *Legacy*, which was the Precept of *Love* and *Charity*. It will be pretty to hear their several Pleas before the great Tribunal: One will brag how he mortified his carnal Appetite by feeding only upon *Fish*: Another will urge that he spent most of his Time on Earth in the Divine Exercise of *singing Psalms*: A Third will tell how many Days he *fasted*, and what severe *Penance* he imposed on himself for the bringing his Body into Subjection: Another shall produce in his own Behalf as many *Ceremonies* as would load a Fleet of Merchant-men: A Fifth shall plead, that in threescore Years he never so much as touch'd a piece of *Money*, except he finger'd it through a thick pair of Gloves: A Sixth, to testify his former *Humility*, shall bring along with him his *Sacred Hood*, so old and nasty, that any Seaman had rather stand bare-headed on the Deck, than put it on to defend his Ears in the sharpest Storms: The next that

comes to answer for himself shall plead, that for fifty Years together he had lived like a Sponge upon the *same Place*, and was content never to change his homely Habitation: Another shall whisper softly, and tell the Judge he has lost his Voice by a continual singing of Holy *Hymns* and *Anthems*: The next shall confess how he fell into a *Lethargy* by a strict, reserved, and sedentary Life: And the last shall intimate that he has forgot to speak, by having always kept Silence, in Obedience to the Injunction of *taking heed lest he should have offended with his Tongue*. But amidst all their fine Excuses our Saviour shall interrupt them with this Answer, *Wo unto you Scribes and Pharisees, Hypocrites, verily I know you not*; I left you but one Precept of *loving one another*, which I do not hear any one plead he has faithfully discharged: I told you plainly in my Gospel, without any Parable, that my *Father's Kingdom* was prepared, not for such as should lay claim to it by *Austerities, Prayers, or Fastings*, but for those who should render themselves worthy of it by the Exercise of *Faith*, and the Offices of *Charity*: I cannot own such as depend on their own *Merits* without a Reliance on my *Mercy*: As many of you therefore as trust to the broken Reeds of your own Deserts, may e'en go search out a new Heaven, for you shall never enter into
that,

that, which from the Foundations of the World was prepared only for such as are *true of Heart*. When these Monks and Friars shall meet with such a shameful Repulse, and see that Ploughmen and Mechanicks are *admitted* into that Kingdom, from which they themselves are *shut out*, how sneakingly will they look? and how pitifully slink away? Yet, till this last Trial, they had more Comfort of a future Happiness, because more Hopes of it, than any other Men. And these Persons are not only great in their own Eyes, but highly esteemed and respected by others, especially those of the *Order of Mendicants*, whom none dare to offer any Affront to, because as *Confessors* they are intrusted with all the Secrets of particular Intrigues, which they are bound by Oath not to discover; yet many times, when they are almost drunk, they cannot keep their Tongue so far within their Head, as not to be babbling out some Hints, and shewing themselves so full, that they are in pain to be delivered. If any Person give them the least Provocation they'll be sure to be reveng'd of him, and in their next publick Harangue give him such shrewd Wipes and Reflections, that the whole Congregation must needs take notice at whom they are levell'd; nor will they ever desist from this Way of declaiming, till their Mouth

be stopp'd with a [FIG. XXXII.] Bribe to hold their Tongue. All their *Preaching* is mere Stage-playing, and their Delivery the very Transports of *Ridicule* and *Drollery*. Good Lord! How Mimical are their Gestures? What Heights and Falls in their Voice? What Toning, what Bawling, what Singing, what Squeaking, what Grimaces, making of Mouths, Apes Faces, and distorting of their Countenance? And this Art of Oratory, as a choice Mystery, they convey down by Tradition to one another. The Manner of it I may venture thus farther to enlarge upon. First, in a kind of Mockery they implore the Divine Assistance, which they borrowed from the solemn Custom of the Poets: Then if their Text (suppose) be of *Charity*, they shall take their *Exordium* as far off as from a Description of the River *Nile* in *Egypt*; or if they are to discourse of the Mystery of the *Cross*, they shall begin with a Story of *Bel and the Dragon*; or perchance, if their Subject be of *Fasting*, for an Entrance to their Sermon, they shall pass through the Twelve Signs of the *Zodiack*; or lastly, if they are to Preach of *Faith*, they shall address themselves in a long Mathematical Account of the *Quadrature of the Circle*. I myself once heard a great *Fool* (a great *Scholar* I would have said) undertaking in a laborious

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laborious Discourse to explain the Mystery of the *Holy Trinity*; in the unfolding whereof, that he might shew his Wit and Reading, and together satisfy *itching Ears*, he proceeded in a new Method, as by insisting on the Letters, Syllables, and Proposition, on the Concord of Noun and Verb, and that of Noun Substantive and Noun Adjective; the Auditors all wonder'd, and some mumbled to themselves that Hemistich of *Horace*.

— *Quorsum hæc tam putrida tendunt?*

Why all this needless Trash?

But at last he brought it thus far, that he could demonstrate the whole *Trinity*, to be represented by these first Rudiments of *Grammar*, as clearly and plainly as it was possible for a Mathematician to draw a *Triangle* in the Sand: And, for the making of this grand Discovery, this subtle Divine had plodded so hard for eight Months together, that he studied himself as blind as a Beetle, the Intense-ness of the Eye of his *Understanding* overshadowing and extinguishing that of his *Body*; and yet he did not at all repent him of his Blindness, but thought the Loss of his Sight an easy Purchase for the Gain of Glory and Credit.

I heard, at another time, a grave Divine, of fourscore Years of Age at least, so four and hard-favoured, that one would be apt to mistrust that it was *Scotus Redivivus*; he taking upon him to treat of the mysterious Name, *JESUS*, did very subtilly pretend that in the very *Letters* was contained whatever could be said of it: For first, its being declined only with *Three Cases*, did expressly point out the *Trinity* of Persons; then that the *Nominative* Case ended in *S*, the *Accusative* in *M*, and the *Ablative* in *U*, did imply some unspeakable Mystery, namely, that in Words of those *Initial Letters* Christ was the *Summus* or *Beginning*, the *Medius* or *Middle*, and the *Ultimus* or *End* of all Things. There was yet a more abstruse Riddle to be explained, which was by dividing the Word *JESUS* into two Parts, and separating the *S* in the middle from the two *extreme* Syllables, making it a kind of *Pentametre*, the Word consisting of five Letters: And this intermedial *S* being in the *Hebrew* Alphabet call'd *Sin*, which in the *English* Language signifies what the *Latines* term *Peccatum*, was urged to imply, that the Holy *Jesus* should purify us from all *Sin* and *Wickedness*. Thus did the Pulpiteer Cant, while all the Congregation, especially the Brotherhood of Divines, were so surprized at his odd Way of Preaching, that Wonder served them,

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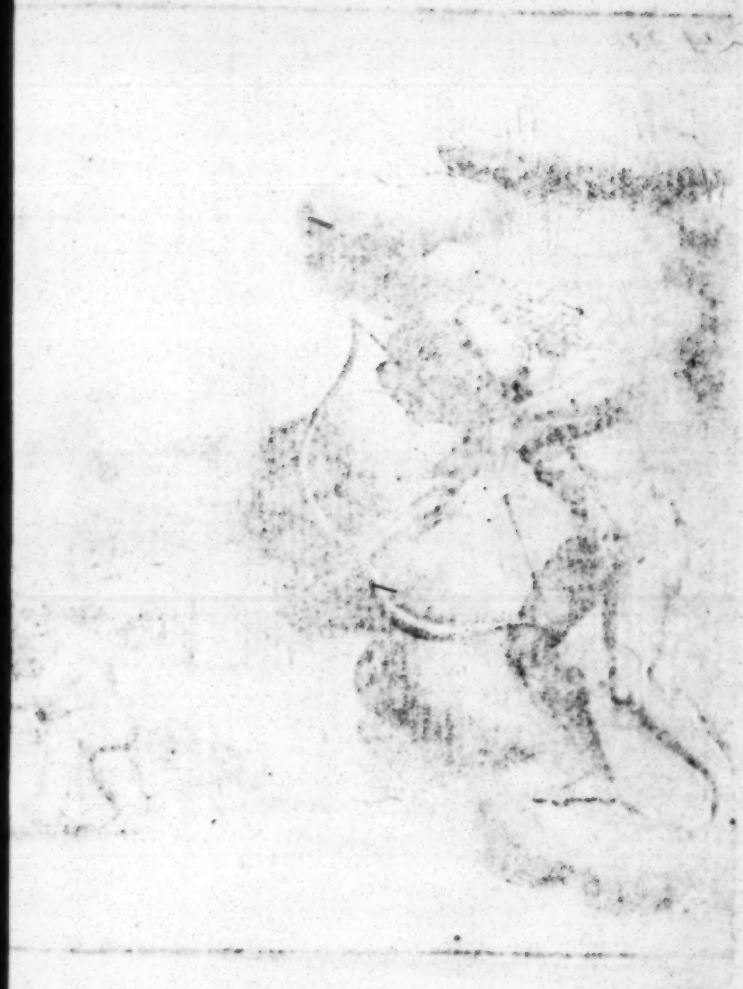
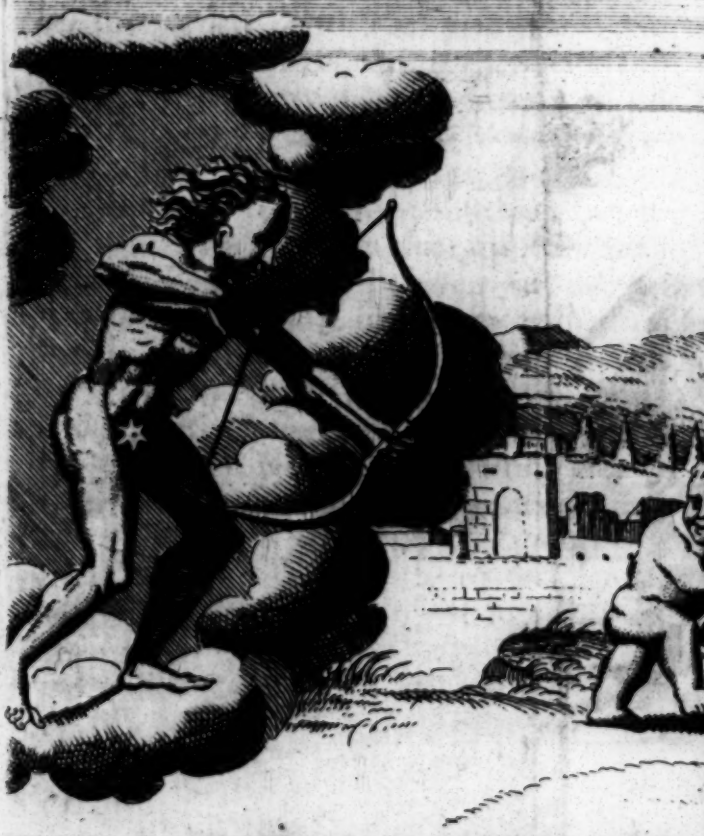


Fig. 33.





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them, as Grief did *Niobe*, [FIG. XXXIII.] almost turned them into Stones; I among the rest (as *Horace* describes *Priapus* viewing the Enchantments of the two Sorceresses, *Canidia* and *Sagane*) could no longer contain, but let fly a cracking Report of the Operation it had upon me. These impertinent Introductions are not without reason condemn'd; for of old, whenever *Demosthenes* among the *Greeks*, or *Tully* among the *Latines*, began their Orations with so great a Digression from the Matter in hand, it was always look'd upon as improper and unelegant: And indeed, were such a long-fetch'd *Exordium* any Token of a good Invention, Shepherds and Ploughmen might lay claim to the Title of Men of greatest Parts; since upon any Argument it is easiest for them to talk what is least to the Purpose. These Preachers think their *Preamble* (as we may well term it) to be the most fashionable, when it is farthest from the Subject they propose to treat of, while each Auditor sits and wonders what they drive at, and many times mutter out the Complaint of *Virgil*,

----- *Quo nunc se proripit ille?*

Whither does all this Fargon tend?

In the third place, when they come to the
Division

Division of their Text, they shall give only a very short touch at the Interpretation of the Words, when the fuller Explication of their Sense ought to have been their only Province. Fourthly, after they are a little entered, they shall start some Theological Queries, far enough off from the Matter in hand, and bandy it about *Pro* and *Con* till they lose it in the heat of Scuffle. And here they shall cite their Doctors *Invincible, Subtle, Seraphick, Chembick, Holy, Irrefragable*, and such like great Names, to confirm their several Assertions. Then out they bring their Syllogisms, their Majors, their Minors, Conclusions, Corollaries, Suppositions, and Distinctions, that will sooner terrify the Congregation into an Amazement, than perswade them into a Conviction: Now comes the *Fifth Act*, in which they must exert their utmost Skill to come off with Applause. Here therefore they fall a telling some sad lamentable Story out of their Legend, or some other fabulous History, and this they descant upon *Allegorically, Tropologically, and Analogically*: And so they draw to a *Conclusion* of their Discourse, which is a more Brain-sick Chimæra than ever *Horace* could describe in his *De Arte Poetica*, when he began,

Humano Capiti, &c.

Their

Their *Praying* is altogether as ridiculous as their *Preaching*; for imagining that in their Addresses to Heaven they should set out in a low and tremulous Voice, as a Token of Dread and Reverence, they begin therefore with such a soft *Whispering*, as if they were afraid any one should over-hear what they said; but when they are gone a little Way, they clear up their Pipes by degrees, and at last *bawl* out so loud, as if with *Baal's Priests* they were resolv'd to awake a *sleeping God*. And then again, being told by Rhetoricians that Heights and Falls, and a different Cadency in Pronunciation, is a great Advantage to the setting off any thing that is spoke, they'll sometimes as it were mutter their Words inwardly, and then of a sudden hollow them out, and be sure at last in such a flat salt'ring Tone, as if their Spirits were spent, and they had run themselves out of Breath. Lastly, they have read, that most Systems of Rhetorick treat of the Art of exciting Laughter; therefore for the effecting of this they'll sprinkle some Jest and Puns that must pass for Ingenuity, though they are only the Froth and Folly of Affectation. Sometimes they'll nibble at the Wit of being Satyric, though their utmost Spleen is so toothless, that they suck rather than bite, tickle rather than scratch or wound: Nor do they ever flatter

statter more than at such times as they pretend to speak with greatest freedom.

FINALLY, all their Actions are so Buffoonish and Mimical, that any one would judge they had learned all their Tricks of Mountebanks and Stage-players, who in *Action*, it is true, may perhaps outdo them, but in *Oratory* there is so little odds between both, that it is hard to determine which seems of longest standing in the Schools of Eloquence. Yet these Preachers, however ridiculous, meet with such Hearers, who admire them as much as the People of *Athens* did *Demosthenes*, or the Citizens of *Rome* could do *Cicero*: Among which *Admirers* are chiefly *Shop-keepers*, and *Women*, whose Approbation and good Opinion they only court; because the *first*, if they are humoured, give them some Snacks out of unjust Gain; and the *last* come and ease their Grief to them upon all pinching Occasions, especially when their Husbands are any ways cross or unkind.

THUS much I suppose may suffice to make you sensible how much these Cell-Hermits and Recluses are indebted to my Bounty; who, when they tyrannize over the Consciences of the deluded Laity with Fopperies, Juggles, and Impostures, yet think themselves as eminently pious as *St. Paul*, *St. Anthony*, or any other of the Saints: But these Stage-Divines,

not

not less ungrateful Disowners of their Obligations to Folly, than they are impudent Pretenders to the Profession of Piety, I willingly take my leave of, and pass now to *Kings, Princes, and Courtiers*, who paying me a devout Acknowledgment, may justly challenge back the Respect of being mentioned and taken notice of by me. And first, had they Wisdom enough to make a true Judgment of Things, they would find their own Condition to be more despicable and slavish than that of the most menial *Subjects*. For certainly none can esteem Perjury or Parricide a cheap Purchase for a *Crown*, if he does but seriously reflect on that Weight of Cares a Princely Diadem is *loaded* with. He, that sits at the Helm of Government, acts in a publick Capacity, and so must sacrifice all *private* Interest to the Attainment of the *common* Good; he must *himself* be conformable to the Laws his Prerogative exacts, or else he can expect no Obedience paid them from *others*; he must have a strict Eye over all his inferior Magistrates and Officers, or otherwise it is to be doubted they will but carelessly discharge their respective Duties. Every *King*, within his own Territories, is placed for a shining Example, as it were in the *Firmament* of his wide-spread Dominions, to prove either a glorious *Star* of benign Influence, if his Behaviour be remark-

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ably just and innocent ; or else to impend as a threatening *Comet*, if his blazing Power be pestilent and hurtful. Subjects move in a darker *Sphere*, and so their *Wandrings* and *Failings* are less discernible ; whereas Princes, being fix'd in a more exalted *Orb*, and encompassed with a brighter dazzling Lustre, their *Spots* are more apparently visible, and their *Eclipses*, or other Defects, influential on all that is inferior to them. Kings are baited with so many Temptations and Opportunities to Vice and Immorality, such as are high Feeding, Liberty, Flattery, Luxury, and the like, that they must stand perpetually on their Guard, to fence off those Assaults that are always ready to be made upon them. In fine, abating from Treachery, Hatred, Dangers, Fear, and a thousand other Mischiefs impending on crown'd Heads, however uncontrollable they are on this side Heaven ; yet after their Reign here they must appear before a *Supreme Judge*, and there be call'd to an exact Account for the Discharge of that great *Stewardship* which was committed to their *Trust*. If Princes did but seriously consider (and consider they would if they were but *wise*) these many Hardships of a Royal Life, they would be so perplex'd in the Result of their Thoughts hereupon, as scarce to eat or sleep in quiet. But now, by my Assistance, they

leave

leave all these Cares to the Gods, and mind only their own Ease and Pleasure, and therefore will admit none to their Attendance but who will divert them with Sport and Mirth, lest they should otherwise be seiz'd and damp'd with the Surprizal of sober Thoughts. They think they have sufficiently acquitted themselves in the Duty of Governing, if they do but ride constantly a Hunting, breed up good Race-horses, sell Places and Offices to those of the Courtiers that will give most for them, and find out new Ways for invading of their People's Property, and hooking in a larger Revenue to their own Exchequer; for the Procurement whereof they'll always have some pretended Claim and Title, that though it be manifest Extortion, yet it may bear the Shew of Law and Justice: And then they dawb over their Oppression with a submissive, flattering Carriage, that they may so far insinuate into the Affections of the Vulgar, as they may not tumult nor rebel, but patiently crouch to Burdens and Exactions. Let us feign now a Person ignorant of the Laws and Constitutions of that Realm he lives in, an Enemy to the publick Good, studious only of his own private Interest, addicted wholly to Pleasures and Delights, a Hater of Learning, a profess'd Enemy to Liberty and Truth, careless and unmindful of the common Concerns, taking all the Mea-

fures of Justice and Honesty from the false Beam of Self-interest and Advantage ; after this hang about his Neck a *Gold Chain*, for an Intimation that he ought to have all Virtues link'd together ; then set a *Crown* of Gold and Jewels on his Head, for a Token that he ought to overtop and *outshine* others in all commendable Qualifications ; next, put into his Hand a Royal *Scepter* for a Symbol of Justice and Integrity ; lastly, cloath him with *Purple*, for an Hieroglyphick of a *tender Love* and Affection to the *Common-wealth*. If a Prince should look upon this Portraiture, and draw a Comparifon between that and himself, certainly he would be afham'd of his Ensigns of Majesty, and be afraid of being laugh'd out of them.

NEXT to *Kings* themselves may come their *Courtiers*. [FIG. XXXIV.] who, tho' they are for the most part a base, servile, cringing, low-spirited sort of Flatterers, yet they look big, swell great, and have high Thoughts of their Honour and Grandeur. Their Confidence appears upon all Occasions ; yet in this one Thing they are very modest, in that they are content to adorn their *Bodies* with Gold, Jewels, Purple, and other glorious Ensigns of Virtue and Wisdom, but leave their *Minds* empty and unfraught ; and, taking the *Resemblance* of Goodness to themselves, turn over
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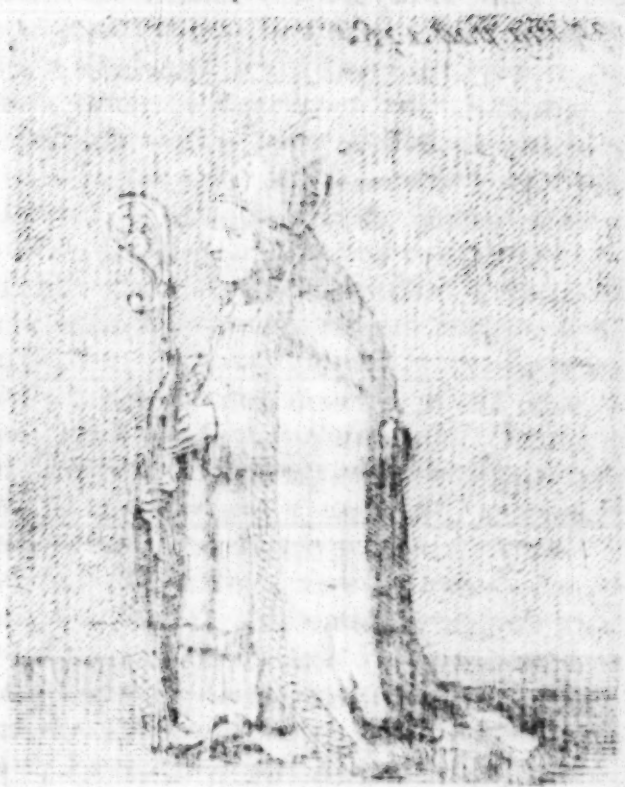
the *Truth* and Reality of it to others. They think themselves mighty happy, in that they can call the King *Master*, and be allow'd the Familiarity of talking with him; that they can volubly rehearse his several Titles of *August Highness*, *Supereminent Excellence*, and *Most Serene Majesty*, that they can boldly usher in any Discourse, and that they have the compleat Knack of Insinuation and Flattery; for these are the Arts which make them truly Genteel and Noble. If you make a stricter Enquiry after their other Endowments, you shall find them mere Sots and Dolts. They'll sleep generally till Noon, and then their mercenary Chaplains shall come to their Bedside, and entertain them perhaps with a short *Morning-Prayer*. As soon as they are *drest* they must go to *Break-fast*; and when that is done, immediately to *Dinner*. When the Cloth is taken away, then to *Cards*, *Dice*, *Tables*, or some suchlike Diversion. After this, they must have one or two Afternoon *Banquets*, and so in the Evening to *Supper*. When they have supp'd, then begins the Game of *Drinking*; the Bottles are marshal'd, the Glasses rank'd, and round go the *Healts* and *Bumpers* till they are carried up to Bed. And this is the constant Method of passing away their Hours, Days, Months, Years, and Ages. I have many times took great Satisfaction by

standing in the Court, and seeing how the tawdry Butterflies vie upon one another: The Ladies shall measure the *Height* of their *Humours* by the Length of their *Trails*, which must be bore up by a *Page* behind. The Nobles juggle one another to get nearest to the King's Elbow, and wear Gold-chains of that Weight and Bigness, as require no less Strength to carry, than they do Wealth to purchase.

AND now for some Reflections upon *Popes*, *Cardinals*, and *Bishops*, who in Pomp and Splendor have almost equal'd, if not out-gone secular Princes. Now, if any one consider, that their upper *Crochet* of white Linen is to signify their *unspotted Purity* and *Innocence*; that their forked *Mitres*, with both Divisions tied together with the same Knot, are to denote the *joint Knowledge* of the *Old* and *New Testament*; that their always wearing *Gloves* represents their keeping their *Hands* clean and undefiled from *Lucre* and *Covetousness*; that the *Pastoral Staff* implies the *Care* of a *Flock* committed to their *Charge*; that the *Cross* carried before them expresses the *Victory* over all carnal Affections: He (I say) that considers this, and much more of like nature, must needs conclude they are entrusted with a very weighty and difficult Office. But alas, they think it sufficient if they can but feed themselves; and as to their *Flock*, either commend
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them to the Care of *Christ* himself, or commit them to the Guidance of some inferior *Vicars* and *Curates*; not so much as remembering what their Name of *Bishop* imports, to wit, *Labour, Pains* and *Diligence*, but by base Simoniack Contracts they are in a profane Sense *Episcopi*, i. e. *Overseers* of their own Gain and Income.

So *Cardinals* in like manner, if they did but consider that the Church supposes them to succeed in the room of the *Apostles*; that therefore they must behave themselves as their *Predecessors*, and so not be *Lords* but *Dispensers* of spiritual Gifts, of the Disposal whereof they must one Day render a strict Account: Or if they would but reflect a little on their Habit, and thus reason with themselves: What means this *white* upper Garment, but only an unspotted *Innocence*? What signifies my inner *Purple*, but only an ardent Love and Zeal to God? What imports my outermost *Pall*, so wide and long that it covers the whole Mule, when I ride; nay, should be big enough to cover a Camel? but only a *diffusive Charity*, that should spread itself for a Succour and Protection to all, by teaching, exhorting, comforting, reprovng, admonishing, composing of Differences, courageously withstanding wicked Princes, and sacrificing for the Safety of our Flock our Life and Blood, as well as our Wealth and Riches;

Riches; though indeed, *Riches* ought not to be at all possess'd by such as boast themselves Successors to the Apostles, who were poor, needy and destitute: I say, if they did but lay these Considerations to Heart, they would never be so ambitious of being *created* to this Honour; they would willingly *resign* it when conferr'd upon them, or at least would be as industrious, watchful and laborious, as the primitive Apostles were.

Now as as to the *Popes* of *Rome*, who pretend themselves *Christ's Vicars*, if they would but imitate his exemplary Life, in the being imploy'd in an unintermitted Course of *Preaching*; in the being attended with Poverty, Nakedness, Hunger, and a Contempt of this World; if they did but consider the Import of the Word *Pope*, which signifies a *Father*; or if they did but practise their Surname of *Most Holy*, what Order or Degrees of Men would be in a worse Condition? There would be then no such vigorous making of Parties, and buying of Votes in the *Conclave* upon a Vacancy of that *See*: And those, who by Bribery, or other indirect Courses, should get themselves elected, would never secure their sitting firm in the Chair by Pistol, Poison, Force, and Violence. How much of their Pleasure would be abated, if they were but endow'd with one Dram of Wisdom? *Wisdom* did I say? Nay, with

with one Grain of that *Salt* which our Saviour bid them not lose the Savour of. All their Riches, all their Honour, their Jurisdictions, their *Peter's* Patrimony, their Offices, their Dispensations, their Licences, their Indulgences, the long Train and Attendants (see in how short a Compass I have abbreviated all their marketing of Religion;) in a word, all their Perquisites will be forfeited and lost; and in their room will succeed Watchings, Fastings, Tears, Prayers, Sermons, hard Studies, repenting Sighs, and a thousand such like severe Penalties: Nay, what's yet more deplorable, it would then follow, that all their Clerks, Amanuenses, Notaries, Advocates, Proctors, Secretaries, the Offices of Grooms, Ostlers, Serving-men, Pimps (and somewhat else, which for Modesty's sake I shall not mention;) in short, all these Troops of Attendants, which depend on his Holiness, would all lose their several Employments. This indeed would be hard; but what yet remains would be more dreadful: The very Head of the Church, the Spiritual Prince, would then be brought from all his *Splendor* to the poor Equipage of a *Scrip* and *Staff*. But all this is upon the Supposition only, that they understood what Circumstances they are placed in; whereas now, by a wholesome *Neglect* of *Thinking*, they live as well as Heart can wish; Whatever of *Toil* and *Drudgery*

gery belongs to their Office, that they assign over to *St. Peter*, or *St. Paul*, who have Time enough to mind it; but if there be any thing of *Pleasure* and *Grandeur*, that they assume to themselves, as being hereunto called: So that by my Influence no sort of People live more to their own Ease and Content. They think to satisfy that Master they pretend to serve, our Lord and Saviour, with their great State and Magnificence, with the Ceremonies of Instalments, with the Titles of Reverence and Holiness, and with exercising their Episcopal Function only in *Blessing* and *Cursing*. The working of *Miracles* is old and out-dated, to teach the People is too laborious, to interpret *Scripture* is to invade the Prerogative of the *Schoolmen*, to pray is too idle, to shed *Tears* is cowardish and unmanly, to fast is too mean and sordid, to be easy and familiar is beneath the Grandeur of him, who, without being sued to and intreated, will scarce give Princes the Honour of *kissing his Toe*: Finally, to die for Religion is too self-denying, and to be crucified as their Lord of Life is base and ignominious. Their only *Weapons* ought to be those of the Spirit; and of these indeed they are mighty liberal, as of their *Interdicts*, their *Suspensions*, their *Demunciations*, their *Aggravations*, their greater and lesser *Excommunications*, and their roaring *Bulls*, that fright whom-

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Fig. 30. pag. 143.



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ever they are thunder'd against ; and these most holy Fathers never issue them out more frequently than against those, who, at the *Instigation of the Devil*, [FIG. XXXVI.] *and not having the Fear of God before their Eyes*, do *Feloniously and Maliciously* attempt to lessen and impair *St. Peter's Patrimony* : And though that Apostle tells our Saviour in the Gospel, in the Name of all the other Disciples, *We have left all and followed you*, yet they challenge, as *his Inheritance, Fields, Towns, Treasures, and large Dominions* ; for the defending whereof, inflam'd with a holy Zeal, they fight with Fire and Sword, to the great Loss and Effusion of Christian Blood ; thinking they are Apostolical *Maintainers* of Christ's Spouse, the Church, when they have murder'd all such as they call her Enemies : Though indeed the Church has no Enemies more bloody and tyrannical than such impious Popes, who give Dispensations for the *not-Preaching* of Christ ; evacuate the main Effect and Design of our *Redemption* by their pecuniary Bribes and Sales ; adulterate the Gospel by their forced Interpretations and undermining *Traditions* ; and lastly, by their Lusts and Wickedness *grieve the holy Spirit*, and make their Saviour's Wounds to bleed anew. Farther, when the Christian Church has been all along first planted, then confirm'd, and since establish'd, by the *Blood*

of

of her *Martyrs*, as if Christ her Head would be wanting in the same Methods still of protecting her, they invert the Order, and propagate their Religion now by *Arms* and *Violence*, which was wont formerly to be done only with *Patience* and *Sufferings*. And though *War* be so brutish, as that it becomes Beasts rather than Men; so extravagant, that the Poets feign'd it an Effect of the Furies; so licentious, that it stops the Course of all Justice and Honesty; so desperate, that it is best waged by Ruffians and *Banditti*; and so unchristian, that it is contrary to the express Commands of the Gospel; yet, maugre all this, *Peace* is too quiet, too unactive, and they must be engaged in the Boisterousness of War. Among which undertaking Popes, you shall have some so *old* that they can scarce creep, and yet they'll put on a *young*, brisk *Resolution*, will resolve to stick at no Pains, to spare no Cost, nor to wave any Inconvenience, so they may involve Laws, Religion, Peace, and all other Concerns, whether sacred or civil, in unappeasable Tumults and Distractions. And yet some of their learned fawning Courtiers will interpret this notorious Madness, for Zeal, and Piety, and Fortitude, having found out the Way how a Man may draw his Sword, and sheath it in his Brother's Bowels, and yet not offend against the Duty of the *Second Table*, whereby we are oblig'd to
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love our Neighbour as our selves. It is yet uncertain whether these *Romish Fathers* have taken Example from, or given Precedent to, such other *German Bishops*, who, omitting their Ecclesiastical Habit and other Ceremonies, appear openly arm'd Cap-a-pee, like so many Champions and Warriours, thinking no doubt that they come short of the Duty of their Function, if they die in any other Place than the open Field, fighting the *Battles of the Lord*. The inferior Clergy [FIG. XXXVII.] deeming it unmannerly not to conform to their Patrons and Diocesans, devoutly tug and fight for their Tythes with Syllogisms and Arguments, as fiercely as with Swords, Sticks, Stones, or any thing that came next to Hand. When they read the Rabbies, Fathers, or other ancient Writings, how quick-sighted are they in spying out any Sentences, that they may fright the People with, and make them believe that more than the *Tenth* is due, passing by whatever they meet with in the same Authors that maims them of the Duty and Difficulty of their own Office. They never consider that their *shaven Crown* is a Token that they should pare off and cut away all the superfluous Lusts of this World, and give themselves wholly to divine Meditation; but, instead of this, our bald-pated Priests think they have done enough if they do but mumble over such a

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Fardel

Fardel of Prayers; which it is a Wonder if God should hear or understand, when they whisper them so softly, and in so unknown a Language, which they can scarce hear or understand themselves. This they have in common with other Mechanicks, that they are most subtle in the Craft of getting Money, and wonderfully skill'd in their respective Dues of Tythes, Offerings, Perquisites, &c. Thus they are all content to reap the *Profit*; but as to the *Burden*, that they toss as a Ball from one Hand to another, and assign it over to any they can get or hire: For, as secular Princes have their Judges and subordinate Ministers to act in their Name, and supply their Stead; so Ecclesiastical Governors have their Deputies, Vicars, and Curates; nay, many times turn over the whole Care of Religion to the Laity. The Laity, supposing they have nothing to do with the Church (as if their baptismal Vow did not initiate them Members of it) make it over to the Priests; of the Priests again, those that are *Secular*, thinking their Title implies them to be a little too profane, assign this Task over to the *Regulars*, the *Regulars* to the *Monks*, the *Monks* bandy it from one Order to another, till it light upon the *Mendicants*; they lay it upon the *Carthusians*, which Order alone keeps Honesty and Piety among them, but really keep them so *close* that no body ever yet could

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38 Fig. pag. 17.



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could see them. Thus the *Popes*, thrusting only their Sickle into the *Harvest* of Profit, leave all the other Toil of *Spiritual Husbandry* to the *Bishops*, the Bishops bestow it upon the *Pastors*, the Pastors on their *Curates*, and the Curates commit it to the *Mendicants*, who return it again to such as well know how to make good Advantage of the *Flock* by the Benefit of their *Fleece*.

BUT I would not be thought purposely to expose the Weaknesses of Popes and Priests, lest I should seem to recede from my Title, and make a *Satire* instead of a *Panegyrick*: Nor let any one imagine that I reflect on good Princes by commending of bad ones: I did this only in brief, to shew that there is no one particular Person can lead a comfortable Life, except he be entred of my Society, and retain me for his Friend. Nor indeed can it be otherwise, since Fortune [FIG. XXXVIII.] that Empress of the World, is so much in League and Amity with me, that to wise Men she is always stingy, and sparing of her Gifts, but is profusely liberal and lavish to Fools. Thus *Timotheus* the *Athenian* Commander, in all his Expeditions, was a Mirrour of good Luck, because he was a little underwitted; from him was occasioned the *Grecian* Proverb, ἡ ἔσδωλὸς ὑπὸ τῷ αἰσῆϊ, the Net fills though the Fisherman sleeps: There is also another favourable Pro-

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verb, *Γλαυξ ἵπταται*, the Owl flies, an Omen of Success. But against wise Men are pointed these ill-aboding Proverbs, *Ἐν τελεῇ δὲ γεννᾷ δόλος*, Born under a bad Planet; *Equum habet Sejanum*, he cannot ride the Fore-horse; *Aurum Tholosanum*, Ill-gotten Goods will never prosper; and more to the same Purpose. But I forbear from any farther *Proverbializing*, lest I should be thought to have rifled my *Erasmus's Adagies*. To return therefore, Fortune we find still favouring the Blunt, and flushing the Forward; strokes and smooths up Fools, crowning all their Undertakings with Success: But Wisdom makes her Followers bashful, sneaking, and timorous; and therefore you see they are commonly reduced to hard Shifts, must grapple with Poverty, Cold and Hunger, must lye recluse, despised and unregarded, while Fools roll in Money, are advanc'd to Dignities and Offices, and, in a word, have the whole World at Command. If any one think it happy to be a Favourite at Court, and to manage the Disposal of Places and Preferments, alas, this Happiness is so far from being attainable by Wisdom, that the very Suspicion of it would put a Stop to all Advancement. Has any Man a mind to raise himself a good Estate? Alas, what Dealer in the World would ever get a Farthing if he be so wise as to scruple

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at Perjury, blush at a Lie, or stick at any Fraud and Over-reaching.

FARTHER; does any one appear a Candidate for any *Ecclesiastical Dignity*? Why, an Ass, or a Plough-jobber, shall sooner gain it than a wise Man. Again; are you in *Love* with a handsome Lady? Alas, Womenkind are so addicted to Folly, that they will not at all listen to the Courtship of a wise Suitor. Finally; where-ever there is any Preparation made for Mirth and Jollity, all wise Men are sure to be excluded the Company, lest they should stint the Joy, and damp the Frolick. In a word, to what Side soever we turn our selves, to Popes, Princes, Judges, Magistrates, Friends, Enemies, Rich or Poor, all their Concerns are managed by *Money*, which because it is undervalued by wise Men, therefore, in Revenge to be sure, it never comes at them.

BUT now, though my Praise and Commendation might well be endless; yet it is requisite I should put some Period to my Speech. I'll therefore draw toward an End, when I have first confirm'd what I have said by the *Authority of several Authors*. Which way of farther Proof I shall insist upon, partly, that I may not be thought to have said more in my own Behalf than what will be justified by others; and partly that the Lawyers may not check me for citing no Precedents nor Allegations.

tions. To imitate them therefore, I will produce some Reports and Authorities, though perhaps, like theirs too, they are nothing to the purpose.

FIRST then, it is confess'd almost to a Proverb, that the Art of *Dissembling* is a very necessary Accomplishment; and therefore it is a common Verse among School-boys.

Stultitiam simulare loco sapientia summa est.

To feign the Fool, when fit Occasions rise,
Argues the being more compleatly wise.

It is easy therefore to collect how great a Value ought to be put upon *real* Folly, when the very *Shadow*, and bare Imitation of it, is so much esteem'd. *Horace*, who in his *Epistles* thus styles himself,

Me pinguem & nitidum ----
---- *Epicuri de grege Porcum.*

My sleek-skin'd Corpse as smooth as if I lye
Among the fatted Swine of *Epicurus's* Sty:
[FIG. XXXIX.]

This Poet (I say) gives this Advice in one of his Odes,

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Misce Stultitiam consiliis brevem,

Short Folly with your Counsels mix.

The Epithet of *short*, it is true, is a little improper. The same Poet again has this Passage elsewhere,

Dulce est desipere in loco,

Well-timed Folly has a sweet Relish.

And in another Place,

----- *Mallem delirus inersque videri,*
Quam sapere & ringi. -----

I'd rather much be censur'd for a Fool,
Than feel the Lash and Smart of Wisdom's
(School.

Homer praises *Telemachus* as much as any one of his *Heroes*, and he gives him the Epithet of *Nῆπιος*, *Silly*: And the *Grecians* generally use the same Word to express *Children*, as a Token of their Innocence. And what is the Argument of all *Homer's Iliads*, but only, as *Horace* observes,

Stult.

Stultorum Regum, & Populorum continet æstus,

They Kings and Subjects Dotages contain ?

How positive also is *Tully's* Commendation, that *all Places are fill'd with Fools* ? Now every *Excellence* being to be measured by its *Extent*, the *Goodness* of *Folly* must be of as large *Compass* as those universal Places she reaches to. But perhaps *Christians* may slight the *Authority* of a *Heathen*. I could therefore, if I pleased, back and confirm the *Truth* hereof by the *Citations* of several *Texts* of *Scripture* ; though herein it were perhaps my *Duty* to beg *Leave* of the *Divines*, that I may so far intrench upon their *Prerogative*. Supposing a *Grant*, the *Task* seems so difficult as to require the *Invocation* of some *Aid* and *Assistance* : Yet because it is unreasonable to put the *Muses* to the *Trouble* and *Expence* of so tedious a *Journey*, especially since the *Business* is out of their *Sphere*, I shall chuse rather (while I am acting the *Divine*, and venturing in their *polemick Difficulties*) to wish myself for such time animated with *Scotus's* bristling and prickly *Soul* [FIG. XL.] which I would not care how afterwards it returned to his *Body*, though for *Refinement* it were stopped at *Purgatory* by the *Way*. I cannot but wish that I might wholly change my *Character*,





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Character, or at least that some grave Divine in my stead might rehearse this part of the Subject for me: For truly I suspect, that somebody will accuse me for plundering the Closets of those Reverend Men, while I pretend to so much of Divinity as must appear in my following Discourse. Yet, however, it may not seem strange, that, after so long and frequent a Converse, I have gleaned some Scraps from the Divines; since *Horace's wooden God*, by hearing his Master read *Homer*, learned some Words of *Greek*; and *Lucian's Cock*, by long Attention, could readily understand what any Man spoke. But now to the purpose, wishing myself Success.

Ecclesiastes doth somewhere confess, that there are an infinite Number of Fools; now, when he speaks of an infinite Number, what does he else but imply, that herein is included the whole Race of Mankind, except some very few, which I know not whether ever any one had yet the Happiness to see?

THE Prophet *Jeremy* speaks yet more plainly in his tenth Chapter, where he saith, That every Man is brutish in his Knowledge. He just before attributes Wisdom to God alone; saying, That the wise Men of the Nations are altogether brutish and foolish. And in the preceding Chapter he gives this seasonable Caution, Let not the wise Man glory in his Wisdom:

dom: The Reason is obvious, because no Man hath truly any whereof to glory. But to return to *Ecclesiastes*, when he saith, *Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity*, what else can we imagine his Meaning to be, than that our whole Life is nothing but one continued Interlude of Folly? This confirms that Assertion of *Tully*, which is delivered in that noted Passage we but just now mentioned, namely, That *all Places swarm with Fools*. Farther; what does the Son of *Sirach* mean when he saith in *Ecclesiasticus*, That the *Fool is changed as the Moon*, while the *wise Man is fixed as the Sun*, than only to hint out the Folly of all Mankind; and that the Name of Wise is due to no other but the All-wise God? For all Interpreters by *Moon* understand *Mankind*, and by *Sun* that Fountain of all Light, the *Almighty*. The same Sense is implied in that Saying of our Saviour in the Gospel, *There is none good but one, that is God*: For if whoever is not *Wise* be consequently a *Fool*; and if, according to the *Stoicks*, every Man be *wise* so far only as he is *good*, the meaning of the Text must be, all Mortals are unavoidably *Fools*, and there is none *wise* but *one*, that is *God*. *Solomon* also, in the fifteenth Chapter of his *Proverbs*, hath this Expression, *Folly is Joy to him that is destitute of Wisdom*; plainly intimating, that the wise Man is attended with Grief and Vexation,

ation, while the Foolish only roll in Delight and Pleasure. To the same purpose is that Saying of his in the first Chapter of *Ecclesiastes*, *In much Wisdom is much Grief; and he that increaseth Knowledge, increaseth Sorrow.* Again; it is confess'd by the same Preacher in the seventh Chapter of the same Book, *That the Heart of the Wise is in the House of Mourning, but the Heart of Fools is in the House of Mirth.* This Author himself had never attained to such a Portion of Wisdom if he had not applied himself to a searching out the Frailties and Infirmities of human Nature; as, if you believe not me, may appear from his own Words in his first Chapter, *I gave my Heart to know Wisdom, and to know Madness and Folly;* where it is worthy to be observed, that, as to the Order of Words, *Folly* for its Advantage is put in the *last* Place. Thus *Ecclesiastes* wrote, and thus indeed did an *Ecclesiastical* Method require; namely, that what has the *Precedence* in Dignity should come *hindmost* in Rank and Order, according to the Tenour of that Evangelical Precept, *The Last shall be First, and the First shall be Last.* And in *Ecclesiasticus* likewise (whoever was Author of that holy Book which bears that Name) in the forty-fourth Chapter, the Excellency of Folly above Wisdom is positively acknowledged: The very Words I shall not cite, till I have

have the Advantage of an Answer to a Question I am proposing, this Way of Interrogating being frequently made use of by *Plato*, in his Dialogues between *Socrates* and other Disputants: I ask you then, What is it we usually hoard and lock up, Things of greater Esteem and Value, or those which are more common, trite and despicable? Why are you so backward in making an Answer? Since you are so shy and reserv'd, I'll take the *Greek Proverb* for a satisfactory Reply; namely, *in lat Sūgis idēlar*, *Foul Water is thrown down the Sink*; which Saying, that no Person may slight, it may be convenient to advertise that it comes from no meaner an Author than that Oracle of Truth, *Aristotle* himself. And indeed, there is no one on this side *Bedlam* so mad as to throw out upon his Dunghil his Gold and Jewels; but rather all Persons have a close Repository to preserve them in, and secure them under all the Locks, Bolts, and Bars, that either Art can contrive, or Fears suggest: Whereas the Dirt, Pebbles, and Oyster-shells, that lie scattered in the Streets, ye trample upon, pass by, and take no notice of; if then what is more valuable be coffer'd up, and what less so lies unregarded, it follows, that accordingly Folly should meet with a greater Esteem than Wisdom, because that wise Author advises us to the keeping close and concealing the first, and exposing or

laying open the other : As take him now in his own Words, *Better is he that hideth his Folly, than him that hideth his Wisdom.* Beside, the sacred Text does oft ascribe Innocence and Sincerity to Fools, while the wise Man is apt to be a haughty Scornor of all such as he thinks or censures to have less Wit than himself : For so I understand that Passage in the tenth Chapter of *Ecclesiastes*. *When he that is a Fool walketh by the Way, his Wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a Fool.* Now what greater Argument of Candor or Ingenuity can there be, than to demean yourself equal with all others, and not think their Deserts any way inferior to his own. Folly is no such scandalous Attribute, but that the wise *Agur* was not ashamed to confess it in the thirtieth Chapter of *Proverbs* : Surely, (saith he) *I am more brutish than any Man, and have not the Understanding of a Man.* Nay, St. Paul himself, that great Doctor of the *Gentiles*, writing to his *Corinthians*, readily owns the Name, saying, *If any Man speak as a Fool, I more ;* as if to have been *less* so had been a *Reproach* and *Disgrace*. But perhaps I may be censured for mis-interpreting this Text by some modern Annotators, who, like Crows picking at one another's Eyes, find Fault, and correct all that went before them, and pretend each their own Glosses to contain the only true and genuine

Explication ; among whom my *Erasmus* (whom I cannot but mention with Respect) may challenge the second Place, if not the Precedency. This Citation (say they) is purely impertinent; the Meaning of the Apostle is far different from what you dream of: He would not have these Words so understood, as if he desired to be thought a greater Fool than the rest, but only when he had before said, *Are they Ministers of Christ? So am I*: As if the equalling himself herein to others had been too little, he adds, *I am more*, thinking a bare Equality not enough, unless he were even Superior to those he compares himself with. This he would have to be believed as true; yet lest it might be thought offensive, as bordering too much on Arrogance and Conceit, he tempers and alleviates it by the Covert of Folly. *I speak* (says he) *as a Fool*, knowing it to be the peculiar Privilege of Fools to speak the Truth, without giving Offence. But what St. Paul's Thoughts were when he wrote this, I leave for them to determine. In my own Judgment at least I prefer the Opinion of the good old tunbellied Divines, with whom it's safer and more creditable to err, than to be in the right with smattering, raw Novices.

NOR indeed should any one mind the late Criticks any more than the senseless chattering of a Daw; especially since one of the most
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eminent of them (whose Name I advisedly conceal, lest some of our Wits should be taunting him with the *Greek Proverb*, "Ὁς ἔπος λυραν, *Ad Lyram Asinus*) magisterially and dogmatically descanting upon this Text, [*Are they the Ministers of Christ? (I speak as a Fool) I am more*] makes a distinct Chapter, and (which without good Store of Logick he could never have done) adds a new Section, and then gives this Paraphrase, which I shall *Verbatim* recite, that you may have his *Words materially*, as well as *formally* his *Sense* (for that's one of their babbling Distinctions.) [*I speak as a Fool*] that is, if the equalling myself to those false Apostles would have been construed as the Vaunt of a Fool, I would willingly be accounted a greater Fool, by taking place of them, and openly pleading, that as to their Ministry, I not only come up even with them, but outstrip and go beyond them: Though this same Commentator a little after, as it were forgetting what he had just before delivered, tacks about, and shifts to another Interpretation.

BUT why do I insist upon any one particular Example, when in general it is the publick Charter of all Divines to mould and bend the sacred Oracles, till they comply with their own Fancy, spreading them (as Heaven by its Creator) like a *Curtain*, closing together, or drawing them back, as they please? Thus

indeed, *St. Paul* himself minces and mangles some Citations he makes use of, and seems to wrest them to a different Sense from what they were first intended for, as is confess'd by the great Linguist *St. Hierom*. Thus when that Apostle saw at *Athens* the Inscription of an Altar, he draws from it an Argument for the Proof of the Christian Religion; but, leaving out great part of the Sentence, which perhaps, if fully recited, might have prejudiced his Cause, he mentions only the two last Words, viz. *To the unknown God*; and this too not without Alteration, for the whole Inscription runs thus: *To the Gods of Asia, Europe, and Africa, to all foreign and unknown Gods*.

'Tis in Imitation of the same Pattern, I'll warrant you, that our young Divines, by leaving out four or five Words in a Place, and putting a false Construction on the rest, can make any Passage serviceable to their own Purpose; though from the Coherence of what went before, or follows after, the genuine Meaning appears to be either wide enough, or perhaps quite contradictory to what they would thrust and impose upon it. In which Knack the Divines are grown now so expert, that the Lawyers themselves begin to be jealous of an Encroachment on what was formerly their sole Privilege and Practice. And indeed, what can they despair of proving, since the fore-mentioned

mentioned Commentator (I had almost blunder'd out his Name, but that I am restrained by fear of the same *Greek* proverbial Sarcastism) did upon a Text of *St. Luke* put an Interpretation no more agreeable to the meaning of the Place than one contrary Quality is to another? The Passage is this: When *Judas's* Treachery was preparing to be executed, and accordingly it seem'd requisite that all the Disciples should be provided to guard and secure their assaulted Master, our Saviour, that he might piously caution them against Reliance for his Delivery on any worldly Strength, asks them, whether in all their Embassy *they lacked any thing*, when he had sent them out so unfurnished for the Performance of a long Journey, that they had not so much as *Shoes* to defend their Feet from the Injuries of Flints and Thorns, or a *Scrip* to carry a Meal's Meat in; and when they had answered, that they lacked *nothing*, he adds, *But now he that hath a Purse let him take it, and likewise a Scrip; and he that hath no Sword let him sell his Garment, and buy one*: Now when the whole Doctrine of our Saviour inculcates nothing more frequently than Meekness, Patience, and a Contempt of this World, is it not plain what the Meaning of the Place is? namely, that he might now dismiss his Embassadors in a more naked, defenceless Condition, he does

not only advise them to take no Thought for Shoes or Scrip; but even commands them to part with the very Cloaths from their Back, that so they might have the less Incumbrance and Entanglement in the going through their Office and Function. He cautions them, it is true, to be furnished with a Sword, yet not such a carnal one as Rogues and Highwaymen make use of for Murder and Bloodshed, but with the *Sword of the Spirit*, which pierces through the Heart, and searches out the innermost Retirements of the Soul, lopping off all our Lust and corrupt Affections, and leaving nothing in Possession of our Breast, but Piety, Zeal, and Devotion: This (I say) in my Opinion, is the most natural Interpretation. But see how that Divine misunderstands the Place: By *Sword* (says he) is meant *Defence* against *Persecution*; by *Scrip*, or *Purse*, a sufficient Quantity of *Provision*; as if Christ had, by considering better of it, changed his Mind in reference to that mean Equipage which he had before sent his Disciples in; and therefore came now to a Recantation of what he had formerly instituted: Or, as if he had forgot what in time past he had told them, *Blessed are you when Men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of Evil against you for my Sake. Render not Evil for Evil, for blessed are the meek, not the cruel*: As if he had forgot

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got that he had encouraged them by the Examples of *Sparrows* and *Lillies* to take no thought *for the Morrow*; he gives them now another Lesson, and charges them, rather than go *without a Sword*, to *sell their Garment and buy one*; as if the going cold and naked were more excusable than the marching unarmed. And as this Author thinks all Means which are requisite for the prevention or retaliation of Injuries to be implied under the Name of *Sword*; so under that of *Scrip* he would have every thing to be comprehended, which either the Necessity or Conveniency of Life requires.

THUS does this provident Commentator furnish out the Disciples with Halberts [FIG. XLI.] Spears and Guns, for the Enterprize of *preaching Christ crucified*; he supplies them at the same time with Pockets, Bags and Portmantaus, that they might carry their *Cupboards* as well as their *Bellies* always about them: He takes no notice how our Saviour afterwards rebukes *Peter* for *drawing* that Sword which he had but just before so strictly charg'd him to *buy*; nor that it is ever recorded that the primitive Christians did by no ways withstand their Heathen Prosecutors otherwise than with Tears and Prayers, which they would have exchanged more effectually for Swords and Bucklers, if they had thought this Text would have bore them out.

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THERE is another, and he of no mean Credit, whom for Respect to his Person I shall forbear to name, who commenting upon that Verse in the Prophet *Habakkuk* [*I saw the Tents of Cushan in Affliction, and the Curtains of the Land of Midian did tremble*] because *Tents* were sometimes made of *Skins*, he pretended that the Word *Tents* did here signify the *Skin of St. Bartholomew*, who was flea'd for a Martyr.

I myself was lately at a Divinity Disputation [FIG. XLII.] (where I very often pay my Attendance) where one of the Opponents demanded a Reason why it should be thought more proper to silence all *Hereticks* by *Sword* and *Faggot*, rather than convert them by moderate and sober Arguments? A certain cynical old Blade, who bore the Character of a Divine, legible in the Frowns and Wrinkles of his Face, not without a great deal of Disdain answered, that it was the express Injunction of St. Paul himself, in those Directions to *Titus*, [*A Man that is an Heretick, after the first and second Admonition, Reject*] quoting it in *Latin*, where the Word *Reject* is *Devita*; while all the Auditory wondered at this Citation, and deem'd it no way applicable to his purpose, he at last explain'd himself, saying, that *Devita* signify'd *de vita tollendum Hereticum*, a Heretick must be slain. Some smiled at





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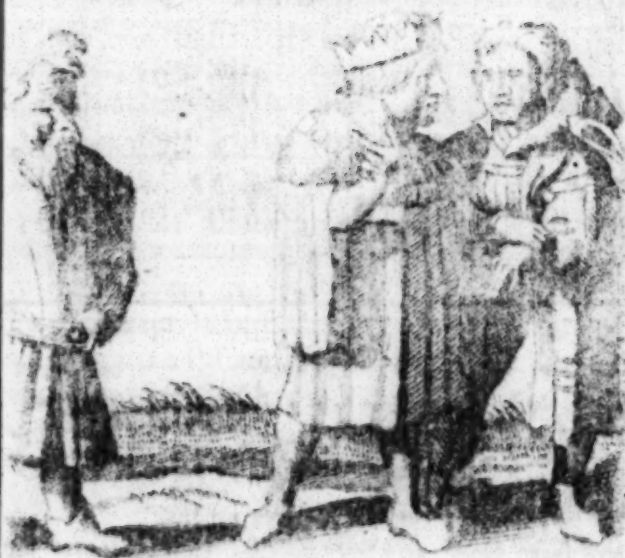
at his Ignorance ; but others approved of it as an Orthodox Comment. And however some disliked, that such Violence should be done to so easy a Text, our Hair-slitting and irrefragable Doctor went on in Triumph: To prove it yet (says he) more undeniably, it is commanded in the old Law [*Thou shalt not suffer a Witch to live* ;] now then every *Maleficus* or *Witch* is to be kill'd, but an Heretick is *Maleficus*, which in the *Latin* Translation is put for a *Witch*, *Ergo*, &c. All that were present, wondered at the Ingenuity of the Person, and very devoutly embraced his Opinion, never dreaming that the Law was restrained only to Magicians, Sorcerers and Enchanters: For otherwise, if the Word *Maleficus* signified what it most naturally implies, every *Evildoer*, then Drunkenness and Whoredom were to meet with the same capital Punishment as Witchcraft. But why should I squander away my Time in a too tedious Prosecution of this Topick, which if drove on to the utmost, would afford Talk to Eternity? I aim herein at no more than this; namely, That since those grave Doctors take such a swinging Range and Latitude, I, who am but a smattering Novice in Divinity, may have the larger Allowance for any Slips or Mistakes.

Now therefore I return to St. Paul, who uses these Expressions, [*Ye suffer Fools gladly*] applying

applying it to himself; and again, [*As a Fool receive me;*] and [*That which I speak, I speak not after the Lord, but as it were foolishly;*] and in another Place [*We are Fools for Christ's sake:*] See how these Commendations of Folly are equal to the Author of them, both Great and Sacred. The same holy Person does yet enjoin and command the being a Fool as a Virtue of all other most requisite and necessary: For, says he, [*If any Man seem to be wise in this World, let him become a Fool, that he may be wise.*] Thus St. Luke records, how our Saviour, after his Resurrection, joining himself with two of his Disciples travelling to *Emmaus*, at his first Salutation he calls them Fools, saying [*O Fools, and slow of Heart to believe.*] Nor may this seem strange in comparison to what is yet farther delivered by St. Paul, who adventures to attribute something of Folly even to the All-wise God himself [*The foolishness of God* (says he) *is wiser than Men:*] In which Text St. Origen would not have the Word *Foolishness* any way referr'd to Men, or applicable to the same Sense, wherein is to be understood that other Passage of St. Paul [*The preaching of the Cross to them that perish, Foolishness.*] But why do I put myself to the Trouble of citing so many Proofs, since this one may suffice for all; namely, that in those mystical Psalms, wherein *David* represents the

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Type of *Christ*, it is there acknowledged by our Saviour, in way of Confession, that even he himself was guilty of Folly; *Thou* (says he) *O God, know'st my foolishness?* Nor is it without some Reason that Fools for their plainness and sincerity of Heart have always been most acceptable to God Almighty. For as the Princes of this World have shrewdly suspected, and carried a jealous Eye over such of their Subjects as were the most observant, and deepest Politicians, (for thus *Cæsar* was afraid of the plodding *Cassius* and *Brutus*, thinking himself secure enough from the careless drinking *Anthony*; [FIG. XLIII.] *Nero* likewise mistrusted *Seneca*, and *Dionysius* would have been willingly rid of *Plato*) whereas they can all put greater Confidence in such as are of less Subtilty and Contrivance: So our Saviour in like manner dislikes and condemns the wise and crafty, as *St. Paul* does expressly declare in these Words, *God hath chosen the foolish Things of this World*; and again, *It pleased God by Foolishness to save the World*; implying that by *Wisdom* it could never have been saved. Nay, God himself testifies as much when he speaks by the Mouth of his Prophet, *I will destroy the Wisdom of the Wise, and bring to nought the Understanding of the Learned*. Again, our Saviour does solemnly return his Father Thanks for that he had *hidden the Mysteries of Salvation*

tion from the *Wise*, and reveal'd them to *Babes*, i. e. to Fools; for the original Word *νῆπιος* being oppos'd to *σοφῶν* if one signify *wise*, the other must *foolish*. To the same Purpose did our blessed Lord frequently condemn and upbraid the Scribes, Pharisees, and Lawyers, while he carries himself kind and obliging to the unlearned Multitude: For what other can be the Meaning of that tart Denunciation, *Wo unto you Scribes and Pharisees*, than *Wo unto you wise Men*; whereas he seems chiefly delighted with Children, Women, and illiterate Fishermen?

WE may farther take notice, that among all the several kinds of brute Creatures, he shews greatest liking to such as are farthest distant from the Subtilty of the Fox. Thus in his Progress to *Jerusalem* he chose to ride upon an *Ass*, though, if he pleas'd, he might have mounted the Back of a *Lion* with more of State, and as little of Danger. The *Holy Spirit* chose rather likewise to descend from Heaven in the shape of a simple gall-less *Dove*, than that of an *Eagle*, *Kite*, or other more lofty *Fowl*.

THUS all along in the Holy Scriptures there are frequent Metaphors and Similitudes of the most inoffensive Creatures, such as *Stags*, *Hinds*, *Lambs*, and the like. Nay, those blessed Souls, that in the Day of Judgment are

to be placed at our Saviour's right Hand are called *Sheep*, which are the most senseless and stupid of all Cattle, as evidenc'd by *Aristotle's* Greek Proverb, προβάτειον ἦθος, a *sheepishness of Temper*, i. e. a dull, blockish, sleepy, unmanly Humour. Yet of such a *Flock* Christ is not ashamed to profess himself the *Shepherd*. Nay, he would not only have all his Proselytes termed *Sheep*, but even he himself would be called a *Lamb*; as when *John the Baptist* seeth *Jesus* coming unto him, he saith, *Behold the Lamb of God*; which same Title is very often given to our Saviour in the *Apocalypse*.

All this amounts to no less than that all mortal Men are Fools, even the Righteous and Godly as well as Sinners; nay, in some Sense, our blessed Lord himself, who, although he was *the Wisdom of the Father*, yet to repair the Infirmities of fallen Man, he became in some measure a Partaker of human Folly, when he took our Nature upon him, and was found in *Fashion as a Man*; or, when God made him to be *Sin for us, who knew no Sin, that we might be made the Righteousness of God in him*. Nor would he heal those Breaches our Sins had made by any other Method than by the *Foolishness of the Cross*, published by the ignorant and unlearned Apostles, to whom he frequently recommends the Excellence of Folly, cautioning them against the Infectiousness of Wisdom, by

the several Examples he proposes them to imitate ; such as *Children, Lilies, Sparrows, Mustard*, and such like Beings, which are either wholly inanimate, or at least devoid of Reason and Ingeny ; guided by no other Conduct than that of Instinct, without Care, Trouble, or Contrivance. To the same Intent the Disciples were warned by their Lord and Master, that when they should be *brought unto the Synagogues, and unto Magistrates and Powers*, they should take no Thought how, or what Thing, they should answer, nor what they should say : They were again strictly forbid to *enquire into the Times and Seasons*, or to place any Confidence in their own Abilities, but to depend wholly upon divine Assistance.

AT the first peopling of Paradise, the Almighty had never laid so strict a Charge on our Father *Adam* to refrain from *eating of the Tree of Knowledge*, except he had thereby forewarned, that the Taste of Knowledge would be the Bane of all Happiness. *St. Paul* says expressly, that *Knowledge puffeth up, i. e.* it is fatal and poisonous. In pursuance whereunto *St. Bernard* interprets that *exceeding high Mountain*, whereon the Devil had erected his Seat, to have been the Mountain of Knowledge. And perhaps this may be another Argument which ought not to be omitted ; namely, that Folly is acceptable, at least excusable, with

with the Gods, in as much as they easily pass by the heedless Failures of Fools, while the Miscarriages of such as are known to have more Wit shall very hardly obtain a Pardon; nay, when a wise Man comes to sue for an Acquittal from any Guilt, he must shroud himself under the Patronage and Pretext of Folly. For thus, in the twelfth of *Numbers*, *Aaron* intreats *Moses* to stay the Leprosy of his Sister *Miriam*, saying, *Alas, My Lord, I beseech thee lay not the Sin upon us wherein we have done foolishly.* Thus, when *David* spared *Saul's* Life when he found him sleeping in a Tent of *Hachilah*, not willing to stretch forth his Hand against the Lord's Anointed, *Saul* excuses his former Severity by confessing, *Behold I have played the Fool and have erred exceedingly.* *David* also himself, in much the same Form, begs the Remission of his Sin from God Almighty with this Prayer, *Lord, I pray thee, take away the Iniquity of thy Servant, for I have done very foolishly;* as if he could not have hoped otherwise to have his Pardon granted, except he petition'd for it under the Covert and Mitigation of Folly. The agreeable Practice of our Saviour is yet more convincing, who, when he hung upon the Cross, prayed for his Enemies, saying, *Father, forgive them, urging no other Plea in their Behalf than that of their Ignorance, for they know not what they do.* To

the same Effect St. *Paul*, in his first Epistle to *Timothy*, acknowledges he had been a Blasphemer and a Persecutor, *But* (saith he) *I obtain'd Mercy, because I did it ignorantly in Unbelief.* Now what's the meaning of the Phrase [*I did it ignorantly*] but only this? My Fault was occasioned from a misinform'd Folly, not from a deliberate Malice. What signifies [*I obtain'd Mercy*] but only that I should not otherwise have obtained it, had not Folly and Ignorance been my Vindication? To the same purpose is that other Passage in the mysterious Psalmist, which I forgot to mention in its proper Place; namely, *Ob remember not the Sins and Offences of my Youth!* The Word, which we render *Offences*, is in Latin, *Ignorantias*, Ignorances: Observe the two Things he alleges in his Excuse are, first, his *Rauness of Age*, to which Folly and want of Experience are constant Attendants; and secondly, his *Ignorances*, expressed in the plural Number for an Enhancement and Aggravation of his Foolishness.

BUT, that I may not wear out this Subject too far, to draw now toward a Conclusion, it is observable that the Christian Religion seems to have some Relation to Folly, and no Alliance at all with Wisdom. Of the Truth whereof, if you desire farther Proof than my bare Word, you may please, *first*, To consider,





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sider, that Children, Women, old Men and Fools, led as it were by a secret Impulse of Nature, are always most constant in repairing to Church, and most zealous, devout, and attentive in the Performance of the several Parts of Divine Service: Nay, the first Promulgers of the Gospel, and the first Converts to Christianity, were Men of Plainness and Simplicity, wholly unacquainted with secular Policy or Learning.

FARTHER, There is none more silly, or nearer their Wits End, than those who are too [FIG. XLIV.] superstitiously religious: They are profusely lavish in their Charity; they invite fresh Affronts by an easy Forgiveness of past Injuries; they suffer themselves to be cheated and impos'd upon by laying Claim to the *Innocence of the Dove*; they make it the Interest of no Person to oblige them, because they'll love, and *do good to their Enemies*, as much as the most endearing Friends; they banish all Pleasure, feeding upon the Penance of Watching, Fasting, Weeping, Sorrow, and Reproach; they value not their Lives, but, with *St. Paul*, *wish to be dissolv'd*, and covet the fiery Trial of Martyrdom: In a word, they seem altogether so destitute of common Sense, that their Soul seems already separated from their dead and unactive Body. And what else can we imagine all this to be, than

downright Madness? It is the less strange therefore, that at the Feast of *Pentecost* the Apostles should be thought *drunk with new Wine*; or, that St. *Paul* was censured by *Festus* to have been *beside himself*.

AND, since I have had the Confidence to go thus far, I shall venture yet a little forwarder, and be so bold as to say thus much more: All that final Happiness, which Christians, through so many Rubs and Briars of Difficulties contend for, is at last no better than a sort of Folly and Madness. This, no question, will be thought extravagantly spoke; but consider a while, and deliberately state the Case.

FIRST then, the Christians so far agree with the *Platonists*, as to believe that the Body is no better than a Prison or Dungeon for the Confinement of the Soul. That therefore, while the Soul is shackled to the Walls of Flesh, her soaring Wings are imp'd, and all her enlivening Faculties clogg'd and fetter'd by the gross Particles of Matter; so that she can neither freely range after, nor, when happily overtook, can quietly contemplate her proper Object of Truth.

FARTHER, *Plato* defines Philosophy to be the Meditation of Death, because the one performs the same Office with the other; namely, withdraws the Mind from all visible and corporeal Objects; therefore, while the Soul
does

does patiently actuate the several Organs and Members of the Body, so long is a Man accounted of a good and sound Disposition: But when the Soul, weary of her Confinement, struggles to break Jail, and fly beyond her Cage of Flesh and Blood; then a Man is censur'd at least for being maggotty and crack-brain'd; nay, if there be any Defect in the external Organs, it is then termed downright Madness. And yet many times Persons thus affected shall have prophetick Extasies of foretelling Things to come, shall in a Rapture talk Languages they never before learned, and seem in all Things actuated by somewhat divine and extraordinary: And all this, no doubt, is only the Effect of the Soul's being more releas'd from its Engagement to the Body, whereby it can with less Impediment exert the Energy of Life and Motion. From hence, no question, has sprung an Observation of like nature confirm'd now into a settled Opinion, That *some long experienced Souls in the World, before their dislodging, arrive to the Height of prophetick Spirits.*

IF this Disorder arise from an Intemperance in Religion, and too high a Strain of Devotion, though it be of a somewhat differing sort; yet it is so near akin to the former, that a great part of Mankind apprehend it as a mere Madness, especially when Persons of that superstitious
Humour

Humour are so pragmatical and singular, as to separate and live apart, as if it were from all the World beside: So as they seem to have experienc'd what *Plato* dreams to have happen'd between some, who, inclosed in a dark Cave, did only ruminate on the Ideas and abstracted Speculations of Entities; and one other of their Company, who had got abroad into the open Light, and at his return tells them what a blind Mistake they had lain under; that he had seen the Substance of what their Dotage of Imitation reach'd only in Shadow; that therefore he could not but pity and condole their deluding Dreams; while they, on the other side, no less bewail his Phrensie, and turn him out of the Society for a Lunatick and a Madman.

THUS the Vulgar are wholly taken up with those Objects that are most familiar to their Senses, beyond which they are apt to think all is but Fairy-land; while those, that are devoutly Religious, scorn to set their Thoughts or Affections on any *Things below*, but mount their Soul to the pursuit of incorporeal and invisible Beings: The former, in their marshalling the Requisites of Happiness, place Riches in the Front, the Endowments of the Body in the next Rank, and leave the Accomplishments of the Soul to bring up the Rear; nay, some will scarce believe there is any such Thing at all as the *Soul*, because they cannot literally see





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see a Reason of their Faith ; while the other pay their First-fruits of Service to that most simple and incomprehensive Being, God, employ themselves next in providing for the Happiness of that which comes nearest to their immortal Soul, being not at all mindful of their corrupt bodily Carcases, [FIG. XLV.] and slighting Money as the Dirt and Rubbage of the World ; or, if at any time some urging Occasions require them to become intangled with secular Affairs, they do it with Regret and a kind of Ill-will, observing what St. Paul advises his *Corinthians*, *Having Wives, and yet being as though they had none ; buying, and yet remaining as though they possessed not.*

THERE are between these two sorts of Persons many Differences in several Respects. As first, though all the Senses have the same mutual Relation to the Body, yet some are more gross than others ; as those five corporeal ones, of Touching, Hearing, Smelling, Seeing, Tasting ; whereas, some again are more refined, and less adulterated with Matter, such are the Memory, the Understanding, and the Will : Now the Mind will be alway most ready and expedite at that to which it is naturally most inclined. Hence is it, that a pious Soul, employing all its Power and Abilities in the pressing after such Things as are farthest removed from Sense, is perfectly stupid and brutish

brutish in the Management of any worldly Affairs; while, on the other side, the Vulgar are so intent upon their Business and Employment, that they have not time to bestow one poor Thought upon a future Eternity. From such Ardour of divine Meditation was it, that *St. Bernard* in his Study drank Oil instead of Wine; and yet his Thoughts were so taken up, that he never observ'd the Mistake.

FARTHER, among the Passions of the Soul, some have a greater Communication with the Body than others; as Lust, the Desire of Meat and Sleep, Anger, Pride and Envy; with these the pious Man is in continual War and irreconcilable Enmity, while the Vulgar cherish and foment them, as the best Comforts of Life.

THERE are other Affections of a middle Nature, common and innate to every Man; such are Love to one's Country, Duty to Parents, Love to Children, Kindness to Friends, and such like: To these the Vulgar pay some Respect; but the Religious endeavour to supplant and eradicate from their Soul, except they can raise and sublimate them to the most refined Pitch of Virtue; so as to love or honour their Parents, not barely under that Character (for what did they do more than generate a Body? Nay, even for that we are primarily beholden to God, the first Parent of all Man-kind)

kind) but as good Men only, upon whom is imprinted the lively Image of that divine Nature which they esteem as the chief and only *Good*, beyond whom nothing deserves to be beloved, nothing desired.

By the same Rule they measure all the other Offices or Duties of Life; in each of which, whatever is earthly and corporeal, shall, if not wholly rejected, yet at least be put behind what Faith makes *the Substance of Things not seen*. Thus in the Sacraments, and all other Acts of Religion, they make a difference between the outward Appearance or Body of them, and the more inward Soul or Spirit. As to instance in Fasting, they think it very ineffectual to abstain from Flesh, or debar themselves of a Meal's Meat (which yet is all the Vulgar understand by this Duty) unless they likewise restrain their Passions, subdue their Anger, and mortify their Pride; that the Soul, being thus disengaged from the Intanglement of the Body, may have a better Relish to spiritual Objects, and take an Antepast of Heaven. Thus (say they) in the Holy Eucharist, tho' the outward Form and Ceremonies are not wholly to be despised; yet are these prejudicial, at least unprofitable, if as bare Signs only they are not accompanied with the Thing signified, which is *the Body and Blood of Christ*, whose Death, till his second Coming, we are hereby

to represent by the vanquishing and burying our vile Affections, that they may arise to a Newness of Life, and be united first each to other, then all to Christ.

THESE are the Actions and Meditations of the truly pious Person; while the Vulgar place all their Religion in crowding up close to the Altar, in listning to the Words of the Priest, and in being very circumspect at the Observance of each trifling Ceremony. Nor is it in such Cases only as we have here given for Instances, but through his whole Course of Life, that the pious Man, without any Regard to the baser Materials of the Body, spends himself wholly in a fixed Intentness upon spiritual, invisible, and eternal Objects.

Now, since these Persons stand off, and keep at so wide a distance between themselves, it is customary for them both to think each other mad: And were I to give my Opinion to which of the two the Name does most properly belong, I should, I confess, adjust it to the Religious; of the Reasonableness whereof you may be farther convinced, if I proceed to demonstrate what I formerly hinted at; namely, That that ultimate Happiness, which Religion proposes, is no other than some sort of Madness.

FIRST therefore, *Plato* dream'd somewhat of this Nature, when he tells us, that the
Madness

Madness of Lovers, was, of all other Dispositions of the Body most desirable; for he, who is once thoroughly smitten with this Passion, lives no longer within himself, but has removed his Soul to the same Place where he has settled his Affections, and loses himself to find the Object he so much doats upon: This straying now, and wandering of a Soul from its own Mansion, what is it better than a plain Transport of Madness? What else can be the Meaning of those proverbial Phrases, *Non est apud se*, he is not himself; *Ad te redi*, recover yourself; and, *Sibi reditus est*, he is come again to himself? And accordingly, as Love is more hot and eager; so is the Madness thence ensuing more incurable, and yet more happy. Now, what shall be that future Happiness of glorified Saints, whose pious Souls here on Earth so earnestly groan for, but only that the Spirit, as the more potent and prevalent Victor, shall over-master and swallow up the Body; and that the more easily, because while here below, the several Members, by being mortified, and kept in subjection, were the better prepared for this separating Change: And afterward the Spirit itself shall be lost, and drown'd in the Abyss of beatifick Vision, so as the whole Man will be then perfectly beyond all its own Bounds, and be no otherwise happy, than, as transported into Extasy and Wonder, it feels

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some

some unspeakable Influence from that omnipotent Being, which makes all Things compleatly blessed, by assimilating them to his own Likeness. Now although this Happiness be then only consummated, when Souls at the general Resurrection shall be re-united to their Bodies, and both be *cloathed with Immortality*: Yet because a religious Life is but a continued Meditation upon, and as it were a Transcript of, the Joys of Heaven; therefore to such Persons there is allowed some Pleasure and Foretaste of that Pleasure *here*, which is to be their Reward *hereafter*. And although this indeed be but a small Pittance of Satisfaction, compared with that future inexhaustible Fountain of Blessedness; yet does it abundantly over-balance all worldly Delights, were they all in Conjunction set off to their best Advantage; so great is the Precedency of spiritual Things before corporeal, of invisible before material and visible. This is what the Apostle gives an eloquent Description of, where he says by way of Encouragement, *That Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, nor hath it enter'd into the Heart of Man to conceive those Things which God hath prepared for them that love him.* This likewise is that better Part which Mary chose, which shall not be taken from her, but perfected and compleated by her mortal putting on Immortality.

Now

Now those who are thus devoutly affected, (though few there are so) undergo somewhat of strange Alteration, which very nearly approaches to Madness; they speak many Things at an abrupt and incoherent rate, as if they were actuated by some possessing *Dæmon*; they make an inarticulate Noise, without any distinguishable Sense or Meaning; they sometimes skrew and distort their Faces to uncouth and antick Looks; at one time beyond measure chearful, then as immoderately sullen; now sobbing, then laughing, and soon after sighing, as if they were perfectly distracted, and out of their Senses. If they have any sober Intervals of coming to themselves again, like St. *Paul* they then confess, that *they were caught up they knew not where, whether in the Body, or out of the Body, they cannot tell*; as if they had been in a dead Sleep or Trance, they remember nothing of what they have heard, seen, said, or done: This they only know, that their past Delusion was a most desirable Happiness; that therefore they bewail nothing more than the Loss of it, nor wish for any greater Joy than the quick Return of it, and more durable Abode for ever. And this (as I have said) is the Foretaste or Anticipation of future Blessedness.

BUT I doubt I have forgot myself, and have already transgress'd the Bounds of Modesty. However, if I have said any Thing

too

too confidently or impertinently, be pleas'd to consider that it was spoke by *Folly*, and that under the Person of a *Woman*; yet at the same time remember the Applicableness of that *Greek Proverb*,

Πολλὰ καὶ τοὶ ἐν μωροῦς ἀνὴρ κατακαίειν εἴπεν,

A Fool oft speaks a seasonable Truth:

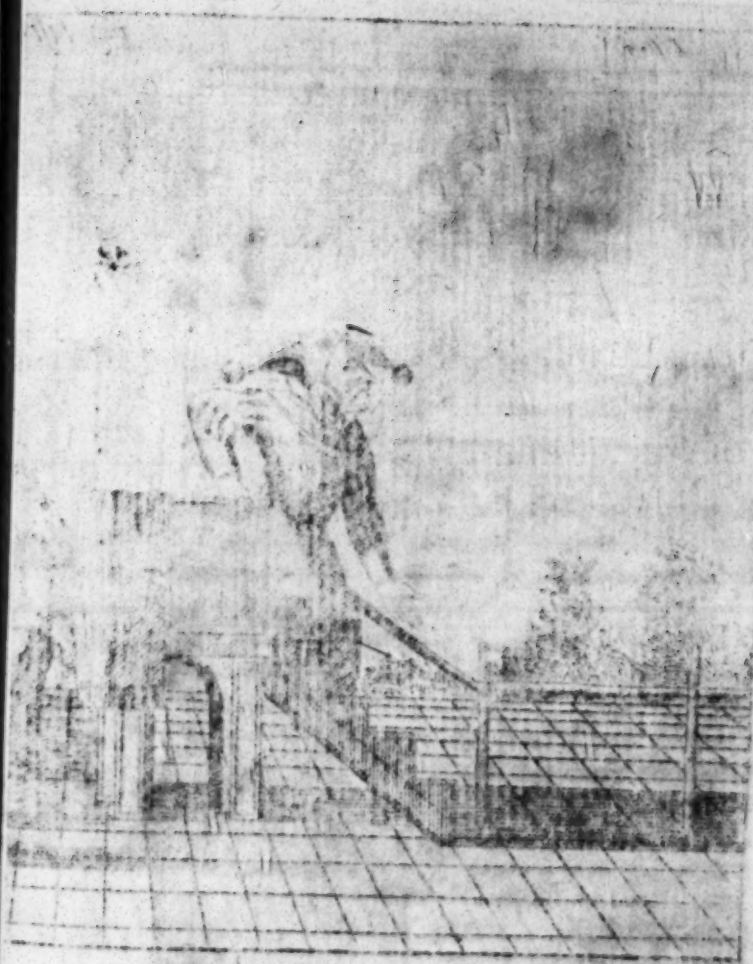
Unless you will be so witty as to object that this makes no Apology for me, because the Word *Ἀνὴρ* signifies a *Man*, not a *Woman*, and consequently my Sex debars me from the Benefit of that Observation.

I perceive now, that, for a concluding Treat, you expect a formal *Epilogue*, and the summing up of all in a brief Relation; but I'll assure you, you are grossly mistaken, if you suppose that after such a Hodge-podge Medley of Speech I should be able to recollect any Thing I have deliver'd. Beside, as it is an old Proverb, *Μισῶ μνάμονα συμπόταν*, *I hate a Pot-Companion with a good Memory*; so indeed I may as truly say, *Μισῶ μνάμονα ἀρεγαλὴν*, *I hate a Hearer that will carry any Thing away with him*. Wherefore in short, [FIG. XLVI.]

Farewell, live long, drink deep, be jolly,
Ye most illustrious Votaries of *FOLLY*.

F I N I S.





Fancy,

too confidently or impertinently, be pleas'd to consider that it was spoke by *Folly*, and that under the Person of a *Woman*; yet at the same time remember the Applicableness of that *Greek Proverb*,

Πολλὰκι τοι ἔγωγε ἀνὴρ καὶ ἀκαίριον ἔπερ,

A Fool oft speaks a seasonable Truth:

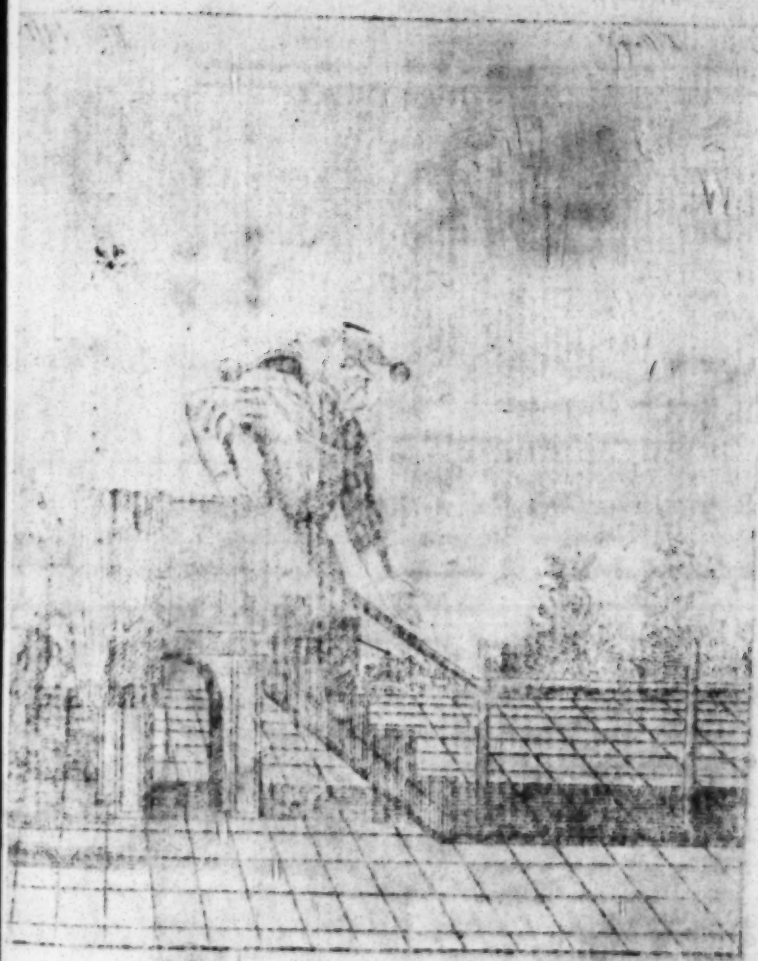
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Farewell, live long, drink deep, be jolly,
Ye most illustrious Votaries of FOLLY.

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